

When Trains Leave Norway.

Leave Norway for Portland and Lewiston.
*3.30, 9.25, a. m.; 4.15, p. m.
Leave Norway for Gorham and West.
*3.30, a. m.; 3.30, 7.55, p. m.
*Including Sunday.

NORWAY AND VICINITY.

A dozen people went from here to the State Grange at Augusta, Monday.
Principal Verne M. Whitman of Calais high school is at home for two weeks.
Grace Holden has been elected president for the ensuing year of the Sophomore class at Colby University.

S. B. & Z. S. Prince have an attractive show window, this week. It represents a dining room with table set. In front of the table are four large dolls arranged as little maidens at play with picture books and toys.

Col. Robert W. Eastham of Davis, W. Va., was convicted of manslaughter for the killing of Frank E. Thompson. He was sentenced to two years close confinement. As Eastham is an old man and accustomed to an active life, the sentence is reported by West Virginia papers as being generally considered severe.

L. T. Millett of Lewiston, proprietor of Millett's White Pine Cough Syrup, writes that he is firmly convinced that an ad. in the Advertiser brings him returns as his business in this vicinity has trebled itself in the past year. Mr. Millett is a firm believer in judicious advertising and perhaps to this one thing his success is largely due.

The Smiley Shoe Store's Christmas windows attract the attention. One contains a stand of dainty trimmed circular shelves loaded with shoes and shoe goods, and surmounted by a large hawk with outspread wings. The other has a flight of decorated steps displaying a lot of enticing footwear. Perched above all is a large snowy owl.

John Horne of Auburn has made the county commissioners a five-year contract for the labor of the prisoners incarcerated in Alfred jail. He is to pay the county \$800 annually. Mr. Horne will transform the stone shed into a healing plant and manufacture heels for Wallace Bros. of Rochester, N. H. He will take possession, January 1st.

The Oxford County Shoe Store has a couple of pretty Christmas windows. In one is a background of yellow and white crepe paper, in fanciful designs, while all about are scattered shoes, slippers, etc. The other has a snow white mound lined at base and sides with slippers, and on top stands a stuffed peacock ready to fly with Little Boy Blue as driver astride his back.

The agent of the Grand Trunk station at Lewiston found six pairs of tan colored Congress turned slippers and three pairs of heavy lumbermen's rubbers under the platform at the depot. It is supposed they were stolen. The only mark on the goods was "A. H. Berry & Co., Portland." This firm is well known in Norway being the proprietors of the Smiley Shoe Store.

The officers of Mt. Hope Rebekeah Lodge will be publicly installed by Rev. R. Woods, President of the Rebekeah Assembly of Maine, Friday evening, Jan. 7th. Those elected at the annual meeting are:
S. G. Mrs. Margaret A. Libby.
V. G. Mrs. Eva C. Kimball.
R. S. Mrs. Ada A. Libby.
F. S. Helen S. Swan.
T. Minnie O. Bennett.

J. P. Richardson, hardware dealer of South Paris, has got out some calendars, this year, that are beautiful, and certainly they ought to advertise his business. He has presented the address of the Advertiser with one, and it was brought over by a special carrier, Norway's popular bill poster, S. D. Hatch. The back of the calendar is a lovely lady, beautifully dressed. The colors are very delicate and beautiful. It is no small affair, but is about 18x25 inches.

T. L. Webb, merchant tailor, has leased the store of C. S. Clarke, Berlin, N. H., formerly occupied by Maloney as a drug store, and has formed a partnership with Frank DeCosta of Norway, and will put in a complete line of gentlemen's furnishing goods with tailoring business. Mr. Webb was in the clothing business several years in Norway, but for the past few years has been selling goods on the road, also was for a while located at Rumford Falls and recently at Berlin.

Mme Lillian Blauvelt, who will sing in the Maine Symphony Concerts, the first one of which will be given at Norway Opera House, Thursday evening, Jan. 6, is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y. She has sung in concert and opera in the principal capitals of Europe, and in America has made a place for herself in the front rank by her beautiful singing. At the Maine Musical Festival at Bangor and Portland her singing created great enthusiasm. Hans Kronold, the violinist, was born in Austria, and received his musical education in Germany. He is a favorite soloist.

Thomas Smiley's Klondike window has drawn lots of attention to his store. It represents a rugged snow covered mountain with a rocky stream bounding down it. A number of roughly dressed miners are digging the frozen soil with picks, bars and shovels, and one has pulverized the dirt enough to try washing it out. A trail leads along the mountain side, crossing the river by a very primitive bridge. Back animals and prospectors pass along the trail and disappear around the mountain. At the foot is an ice bound inlet with men warping a steamer to the shore. It is one of Fred H. Cummings' best jobs of window dressing, and every detail was arranged with the utmost care.

New Year resolves are apt to be laughed at. Perhaps it is because when we get to thinking about the many improvements that might be made in us there are such a number of things we know we are on the wrong side in some place before we know it. Then we get disgusted especially if we have happened to boast of the wonderful "leaves we have turned over" to some friend, who now knows of our failure. If we tried our two simple ones each year we might get along better. Here are just two—
"I will resolve to speak the kind word whenever I have the opportunity."
"I will resolve to do the friendly deed on all possible occasions."

The Largest Users
of paint are the railroads, whose thousands of stations, cars, bridges, etc., are painted at regular intervals, requiring an expenditure of thousands of dollars annually. It is an undisputed fact that over 95 per cent. of the largest railroads of this country use F. W. Devos & Co's paint, because it covers 75 better and wears at least 50 longer, thus making it the most economical paint it is possible to use. F. W. Stone is agent for this paint in Norway.

Mrs. E. L. Jordan, Paris street, picked some pansies in full bloom from her garden, Dec. 21st.

Officers of Norway Grange:—
R. E. Witt, Master.
F. E. Wood, Overseer.
Mrs. Jennie Brown, Lecturer.
W. O. Perry, Steward.
Fred Perry, Assistant Steward.
Jonathan Whitehouse, Chaplain.
G. W. Ryerson, Treasurer.
Florence Oxnard, Secretary.
Calvin Richardson, Gatekeeper.
Florence Grover, Ceres.
Grace Bennett, Pomona.
Ina French, Flora.
Cora Brown, Lady Assistant Steward.

SOUTH PARIS.

The roller skating craze is again in evidence.
Alice Wheeler is at home from Boston for a short time.

Rev. Insley A. Bean will preach in the Union church at West Bethel, Sunday.
Frank B. Fogg and wife are boarding at the Grand Trunk Hotel, this winter.
A party from Bridgton came over to attend the Roman Catholic services, Sunday.

The fence around the lot belonging to the Roman Catholic parish is a big improvement.

Ernest M. Sweet is at home for the holidays. He is attending school at Mt. Hermon, Mass.

Charles H. Howard is at home from his studies in the Massachusetts school of pharmacy. He is in Shurtlett's store during the rush.
Five people from this town attend State Grange, Henry D. Hammond and wife, Albert H. Andrews and wife and Samuel M. King.

C. W. Bowker has put incandescent lights in his show windows, and F. A. Thayer has put electric lights in his store in Hillside block.

Last Saturday, Worthy Master A. H. Andrews presented Paris Grange a nice easy chair for use of aged and invalid members who attend the meetings.

There is considerable interest shown in the movement to have a stone yard at the jail. The people of Paris would be relieved of a good deal of trouble and some expense thereby.

Penley & Fogg have sold their three-year-old May Day, to Robinsons of Bucksfield. The price is reported to have been \$800. The filly has trotted in 2:24 and is one of the liveliest ever raised in this county.

The officers of Paris Grange for 1898, chosen at the last meeting, will be:
Master, A. H. Andrews.
Overseer, W. E. Twitchell.
Lecturer, Mrs. O. G. Curtis.
Steward, R. H. Gates.
Assistant, J. L. Holmes.
Chaplain, S. M. King.
Treasurer, H. D. Hammond.
Secretary, S. E. Jackson.
Gatekeeper, Leonard Whitman.
Ceres, Mrs. A. W. Twitchell.
Pomona, Mrs. W. E. Twitchell.
Flora, Mrs. O. W. Shaw.
Lady Assistant, Mrs. James Millett.
Librarian, Mrs. R. H. Gates.
Chorister, Mrs. Charles Edwards.

CHURCH FAIR AT SOUTH PARIS.

The Congregational Circle held a very successful fair, last week. New Hall was the scene of animated trade while the fair was in progress, beginning on Thursday. There were pretty booths for all kinds of goods—fancy things for presents, knickknacks, and a lot of articles for both sexes of small people. The ice cream booth was kept ready for patronage till the fair was finally over.

On account of sickness in the cast, the drama which was to be given on Thursday evening was postponed till Saturday night.

The fair continued during Friday. In the evening, the house was packed with people curious to hear the women's mock trial of Fullable vs. Fullalove. The got-ups were fine indeed and of themselves made the audience laugh freely. The judge's rulings and counsel's contentions were as remarkable as could be expected, while the testimony was fearful and wonderful. The best jokes of the evening were those he sprung on the subject of injunctions. The growing popularity of that means of government was expounded at length, and a lot of petitions presented asking that judicial restraint might be placed upon a number of different people for various unprecedented and whimsical reasons.

Friday evening, the postponed drama, "A King's Daughter," was given by the young ladies of the parish. This is an attractive drama in three acts, and was well received by the large audience.

ELM HILL.—More than the usual number of scholars in attendance, this term. H. P. Ellis has sold his wood lot on Meadow brook, recently purchased from Charles Penley, to Hiram Porter.
The auction at Eugene Porter's was well attended. Mr. Millett and family move from here to Baldwin to care for a relative.

We are requested to announce that there will be a neighborhood Christmas tree at Henry Kerr's, Friday evening, Dec. 24th, to which all are cordially invited.

At the Grange fair, Abbie Swan was the lucky winner of the chenille table cover given by Thomas Smiley of Norway, while the guess cake was won by Mrs. Ferdinand Swan.

Paris Teachers.

The Paris teachers' meeting at the high school room Saturday afternoon, was well attended, and a number of topics not directly connected with the schools showed their interest by coming.

Bertha Twitchell read a paper on "Normal Studies by Mail," pleading the cause of a correspondence course as a good thing for many teachers. The rest of her essay contained some suggestions gleaned from kindergarten methods such as using the children's amusement weights and measures, etc.

Mrs. J. M. Pike read a letter from State Superintendent Stetson relating to a certain "teachers' reading course." That started a general talk about the subject of circulars sent out from the State Superintendent's office.
Nellie Marshall gave a paper on "What Teachers have the Right to Expect of Parents." The principal thoughts were that a teacher has the right to demand that scholars know how to obey before coming to school, that parents should enforce regular attendance and encourage children by taking an interest in their studies. This was ably supplemented by a paper which Mrs. George R. Norton read on "Parental Discipline in its Relation to School Life." An animated discussion followed.
"Athletics" was the subject of a lengthy essay by principal L. P. Gerrish of South Paris High School. He treated the subject of physical training from the kindergarten through college. The need of systematic training to rest the mind and develop a symmetrical body was the

gist of the paper. Superintendent Fletcher asked: "How about those scholars who have to work nights and mornings?" The answer was: "If their work equally employs each side of the body, perhaps they need no other exercise. But if it tends to develop them unsymmetrically, they need physical training to remedy that. The beauty of the Ling system of gymnastics is that it is designed to help each one's individual needs." Alton C. Wheeler asked a question about football and baseball. Their value in stimulating school pride was admitted, as was also the danger of running them to excess.

Principal Arthur G. Wiley of Norway High School gave a talk on "English in Secondary Schools." The automatic method of reading was strongly condemned, and the ground taken that effort to acquaint scholars with the beauty and power of our language would make grammar and rhetoric something besides dry studies. Those ideas seemed to stir a popular note.

A debate between J. A. Lambe and J. M. Pike on the subject of written examinations was postponed to the next meeting.

The question box provoked short discussions on the subject of tardiness, regular attendance, reading for teachers, recesses and outside preparation of teachers.

Saturday, Jan. 8, at 1:30 p. m., was set as the time for the next meeting. The program committee consists of Mr. Gerrish, Mrs. Pike, Mr. Wheeler, Miss Arlin and Mr. Mann.

RUMFORD FALLS.

La grippe is in the place.
John Thomas is at Houghton, scaling lumber.

Lena Thatcher has entered Shaw's Business College.

Ethel Warburton of Lewiston is clerk for F. E. Bartlett.

Large quantities of ship knees are part of the regular shipments from our depot.

McKenzie's folks say that their fur coat trade, this fall, already beats any previous year's record.

Rev. E. W. Webber has been visited by his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Jordan of New Gloucester.

Conductor Charles Smith is having a vacation. He and his wife are taking a tour of Maine and New Hampshire.

A couple of loaded freight cars left the sulphite mill siding, the other day, and rolled down the embankment. Damage small.

Dick Herbert of Jay has opened a grocery store here in C. H. McKenzie's spare store, and hired J. S. Paulin to clerk for him.

John W. Berry got some plaster in his eye while working on E. P. Howard's new house. Feels of serious damage to the eye are entertained.

C. H. McKenzie & Co. will move into their new brick block, early in the new year. This block will contain a large store for the firm, on the first floor. The stores above will have quarters for their tailoring business, three offices and seven tenements.

Smashup on the R. F. & R. L.

Wednesday morning, Dec. 15, a locomotive and three cars started from Blanchard & Twitchell's on the east branch of the Rumford Falls and Rangeley Lakes R. R. The cars were loaded with lumber. A sleet storm had made the track slippery and on the long steep down grade the locomotive would not hold the train. The train crew and a crew of lumber handlers were on the train. They all jumped for their lives. Eli Lundry, who was riding on the engine footboard jumped on the outside of a car. The cars left the track there and one rolled over Lundry instantly killing him. Engineer Furrington reversed the engine, blew the whistle and jumped. He struck the top of a small tree which broke off and went along with him till he reached the ground. The engine soon left the track.

The injuries to the men were:
Eli Lundry—killed. He was a native of New Brunswick.
Furrington, engineer—breast bone broken.
Harry Leadstone—flesh wound on left leg, nose fractured, one eye closed, part of cheek torn away and left hanging.
Tom Johnny—head scalp wound, lacerated forehead, bruised knee.
Samuel Molain—head cut and bruised, wrist sprained.
Meador Lundry—face badly cut.

Mr. Lundry was taken from under the cars and carried to Rumford Falls. His home was in New Brunswick. Physicians were called from the Falls as soon as possible to care for the sufferers. Some of them have been taken to the hospital at Lewiston for treatment. Mr. Twitchell was at Camp 2 at time of accident and did all he could to help take care of the injured.

EAST HEBRON.

H. N. Merrill bought a cow of L. R. Hodson recently.

Report says C. L. Perry has moved to Minot for the winter.

T. L. Rogers has a sick horse. Dr. Robinson is caring for it.

James Fogg is quite feeble and suffers greatly from pain in his limbs.

W. H. Berry lost a cow, last week. He had an offer of \$45 for it that week.

People began to think, the 18th, that cold weather had not deserted us for this season.

Christmas is the general topic among the young, when they are not skating on the ice.

The aged ones are very infirm. The changes in the weather are very unfavorable to them.

Howard Woodard lost one of his gray horses. He had four well matched in color for a team.

Ernest Merrill, who left home in company with Ed Conant and Arthur Decoster, burglars, got work in a garden in Marblehead, Mass., returned home, last Thursday. His sister has written several letters and he has promptly answered them. In his last he wrote he was coming home on Thursday. The man he worked for wanted him to stay with him. He was starting for home he bought clothes with his money. We hope he will not go again.

"The Bridgton News is looking towards Oxford county, and it says: 'Some one in the W. C. T. U. is showing up an Oxford county town with a liquor agency annex, and the record is quite unenviable. The town, with less than 800 inhabitants, sold at the agency \$214,564. The expense of the town's poor was \$135,850. In eight years the town valuation has increased but \$12,000, its population has decreased and its pauper bill has grown from \$445.15 to \$1,358.55. But, meanwhile, its liquor agency profits have been \$2,804.51!'"

EAST STONEHAM.

No snow—those with teams on their hands and laying idle look sober.

A singing school has been organized, of late, with Fred Saunders of Waterford as teacher.

Jabez Moulton has returned from New Hampshire, where he has been for several weeks, at his old home.

Charles Bartlett has moved into his new house, and the old house, formerly occupied, has been torn down.

Miss M. K. Littlefield is on a visit to relatives in Auburn. Addie Holt is keeping house in her absence.

The friends and relatives of Charles Flanders gave a donation to them, a few evenings since, in the form of a pound party. I did not learn the amount contributed.

Enoch Bartlett is very sick at his sister's, Mrs. Butter's. Although he is more comfortable, he is unable to sit up. His wife came, a few days ago, to take care of him.

A new floor has been laid in the schoolhouse in district No. 1, and the seats removed to make them more comfortable. For those who will occupy the room, we feel to rejoice.

"Hard times" seems to be the universal cry. Now what would our young people think if they had to return to, and live in the same style, that some of their ancestors did, dress as they used to and put up with the same bill of fare, and other limited privileges. Wouldn't there be groaning and lamentations? Better be grateful for what we have, and try to enjoy it, and improve our condition.

WEST MINOT.

H. W. Bearce was in Auburn, Saturday, marketing his fox and coon skins.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crooker are to attend the State Grange at Augusta, this week.

Mrs. E. A. Atwood is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Goodwin, at Mechanic Falls.

William Bridgman has got through in the sled factory at South Paris and came home, Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Crooker held their wedding reception, Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, in Grange Hall. There were 175 invited guests present. A very fine entertainment was given by Maud Mayo, elocutionist, and the Vocal Sisters of Auburn furnished both vocal and instrumental music. After the entertainment refreshments of oranges, bananas and candy were served. They were the recipients of many useful and beautiful presents. The most noticeable were a sideboard and silk quilt from friends and members of the Grange.

There were other presents too numerous to mention, in silver, glass and china. Their many friends wish them many years of happiness.

BLUE STORE.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

We have a few

OVERCOAT,
SUIT and
PANT PATTERNS,

We will make up at a

VERY LOW PRICE.

We want to clean up our stock. We want to keep our help at work. We'll give you the profits for the next 30 days. We are offering some BARGAINS in

FUR COATS,
ULSTERS,
OVERCOATS,
REEFERS.

We doubt if they can be equalled in the State.

Come to us to be clothed. You'll be pleased.

Noyes & Andrews.

NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS!

... at ...

Strictly Cash Prices.

I shall open my Grocery Store in the

BEAL'S BLOCK,

106 Main Street,

Saturday, Dec. 18, and invite you to call and see goods and get prices.

I shall run no team and shall consequently sell goods for cash—low enough so you can afford to buy of me and take them home.

S. Harriman,
NORWAY, MAINE.

The all absorbing question of the day IS What Shall We Give 'em?

From our big variety you cannot fail to find some gift for personal or home adornment and use.

Don't Fail to Examine Our Stock!

WATCHES, in gold, gold filled, silver and nickel, all extraordinary bargains.
RINGS, all the latest designs. Call and see.
JEWELRY, our line is the best and most complete.
CLOCKS, all the best designs and novelties.

Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

It is simply impossible to enumerate the articles you will find in this department. Our cases are full and running over with NEW and bright goods, NEW THIS SEASON.

PRICES marked in plain figures. Look out for blind marking. Prices marked in plain figures mean same prices to all, rich and poor alike.

WE HAVE without doubt a larger line of new goods, bought this season, than any other Jeweler in Oxford County.

EVERY article guaranteed just as represented.

All goods engraved free.

Spectacles and Eyeglasses.
CLASSES MAKE A USEFUL PRESENT.

Remember Hills is the only Practical Optician in Oxford County. And his prices are the lowest.

Call and Look Over Our Elegant Line.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

VIVIAN W. HILLS,

Jeweler and Graduate Optician,
NORWAY, ME.

Great Mark Down.

GARMENTS.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's
Winter Garments at
COST.
MERRITT WELCH,
NORWAY, MAINE.

6th Annual Sale of

Christmas Candy and Nuts!

Good Mixed Candy, 7 cents pound.
Broken Candy, 10 cents pound.
Best Walnuts, only 15 cents pound.

We have got a small lot Canned Salmon 10c. a can, 3 for 25c, and Canned Corn, 4 for 25c., left, which we shall not be able to duplicate. So come and get it while it lasts. First come first served.

E. F. BICKNELL, 141 Main Street.

E. E. MILLETT & CO.,

MANUFACTURE

Custom Boots, Shoes and Oxfords.

We have in stock:—
Men's Seal Coat Shoes, water proof, custom made, price \$3.00.
Men's Box Calf Shoes, water proof, custom made, price \$3.00.
Men's Calf Shoes, our own make, price \$2.50.
Men's Patent Calf Shoes, price \$2.50.
Men's Enamel Grain Shoes, our own make, price \$3.00.
Men's Tiger Calf Shoes, our own make, price \$2.75.
Ladies' Kangaroo Button and Lace Shoes, Goodyear Welt, latest style toes, price \$3.00. Just the shoe for fall and winter.

Come in and see the goods and be convinced that you are getting more for your money than elsewhere, at

E. E. MILLETT & Co.'s, Main Street, Norway, Me.

A BARGAIN IN CANNED GOODS!

Good nice Sweet Corn for 7c. a can,
Salmon 10c. a can,
Peaches 10c. a can.
We have a good nice 20c. Peach we are now offering for 15c. a can, 2 cans for 25c.

Other Canned Goods as cheap. We carry a full line of

GROCERIES and FLOUR.

Do not fail to give our Home Tried Lard a trial. We have it in Pails, Tubs and Bulk. We also carry MEATS of all kinds. Call and see us.

A. T. BENNETT & CO.,

Old Bartlett Store, Opposite Elm House.

CHILD

Munyon T

Home T

He Brings Repose
to Mothers

Can children love their
The little ones look to their
for food and shelter and a
simple
the four
low
pare
their
them
pain



long and dangerous spells
many a dollar in doctor's fees
Munyon's Homeopathic
Company compound a secure
disease. They are for sale
for 25 cents each. Personal
Munyon, 105 North Street,
are answered with free med.
disease.

5 and 10

Toy Coun

Hobbs' Varie

STATE OF ME.

COUNTY OF OXFORD, ss.
Taken on execution, and v
10c auction on the 24th day
1898, at nine of the clock in
the office of Kimball & Son
county, all the right in and
Z. Cummings of Paris in sit
deem the best and most desir
estate, situated in said Pari
lot or parcel of land, situate
ing the homestead farm, be
wings by Josiah Stone of
deed dated May 7th, A. D. 18
Oxford Records, Book 24, p
THADDEUS CROSS
Nov. 30, 1897.

E. E. Whitne

BETHEL, MA

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CHILD LOVE.

Munyon Tightens Home Ties.

He Brings Repose and Relief to Mothers Mind.

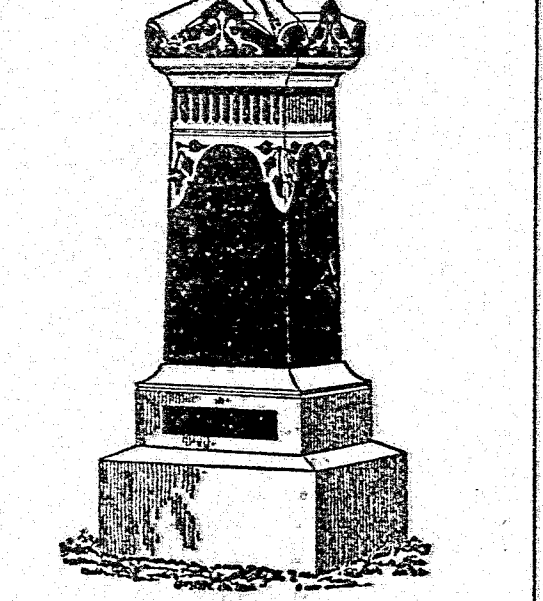


Can children love their parents too much? No, if they are healthy and happy. The sense of dependence and gratitude is the foundation of childhood love. How happy are parents who can make their children look to them for relief from pain and danger from disease! Munyon's special study of the diseases of children and the specific for each fever, croup, cholera, morbus, diarrhoea, coughs, colds, sore throat, worms and other childhood maladies. Mothers should keep all these remedies in the house for protection against emergencies. Time is everything in doctoring children. A few doses of the proper remedy, given at the right time will prevent long and dangerous spells of illness, and save many a dollar in doctor's fees.

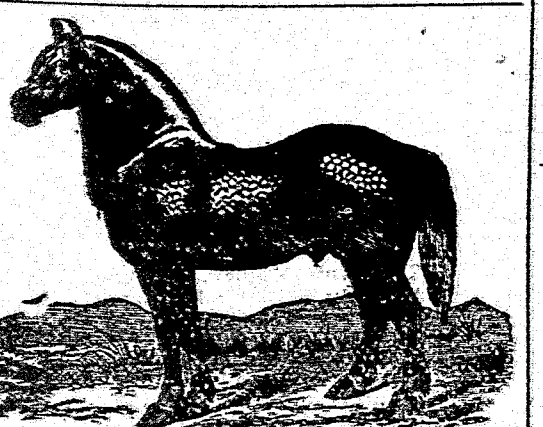
Munyon's Homeopathic Home Remedy Company compound a separate specific for each disease. They are for sale by druggists, mostly for 5 cents each. Personal letters to Professor Munyon, 100 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. are answered with free medical advice for any disease.

5 and 10 cent Toy Counter at Hobbs' Variety Store.

E. E. Whitney & Co., BETHEL, MAINE, GRANITE AND MARBLE WORKERS



First-Class Workmanship. Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work. Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed. E. E. Whitney & Co.



Business Resumed. Having recovered from my recent illness, I shall in the future as in the past receive a car-load more of horse each week. I keep constantly on hand a good stock of harnesses. Heavy team harnesses a specialty. Telephone 61. JONAS EDWARDS, Auburn, Me.



PORTLAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY. BOSTON STEAMERS. Daily Service Sundays Excepted. THE NEW AND PALATIAL STEAMERS. RAY STATE AND PORTLAND. Alternately leave FRANKLIN WHARF, Portland, every evening at 7 o'clock, arriving in season for connecting with earliest trains for points beyond. Returning steamers leave Boston every evening at 7 p. m. J. P. COYLE, Manager. F. LISCOMB, Genl. Agt.

A. W. WALKER, Norway and South Paris. Has for sale in quantities to suit purchaser: Lime, Cement and Hair, Brick of all Kinds, Coal and Ice.

If you want any of these speak to him or a postal card addressed to him at South Paris will receive prompt attention.

Stranger Than Fiction.

It was in the office at Ginn's Hotel, a place where the genus racoon thrives, that we recently listened to several good stories. One man remembers his greatest gunning trip, when a boy. He and another would-be Nimrod took muskets and ammunition and tramped the woods all day, having first agreed that each must eat some of everything which the other and a skunk, besides a number of squirrels and edible birds. The other fellow's great prizes were a snake and a hawk. "Well, the snake proved quite palatable, tasting much like fish, but the hawk was found jay and owl hard chewing, but it was absolutely impossible to swallow a crow. The skunk wasn't bad eating."

Speaking of eating strange things stirred a man who once went into the Province of New Brunswick on a fishing trip. The stories told about that expedition were: "We found a camp of Micmac Indians. They gathered a lot of grasshoppers and roasted the insects in a sheet iron cylinder hung over the fire on an iron rod and kept turning by a squaw. When the grasshoppers were cooked they were turned into a large pan. The wings had come off during the roasting and were blown away by the breath. They would take the head of a large grasshopper between the fingers, and bite off the rest and eat it. The smaller ones were eaten whole."

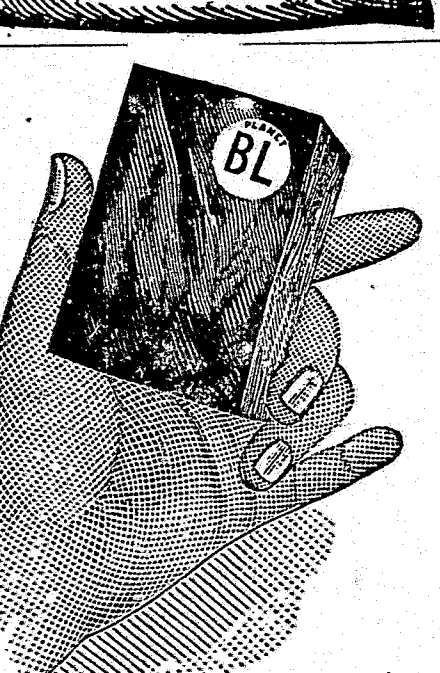
The same voracious chronicler relates that from seeing the grasshopper feast, he and another fisherman visited the tents of the Indians. "In one we saw a young squaw and baby perhaps four or five months old. The mother was evidently used to visits of sportsmen from the States, and with true thrift told us 'Hold papoose, five cents.' Jim looked at the papoose, thought of his own clean little one at home, and shook his head. But I cheerfully forked over a nickel and took the little one, and observed 'How long do you suppose it is since that baby was washed?' The horrified Indian mother exclaimed: 'Wash baby, kill baby!'

Another story was: "That reminds me of when I was a boy early in my teens and used to go out with a well-

Rob Roy Flour

The finest flour that miller can make from the finest wheat that farmer can raise:— produces the finest bread that cook can bake.

Sold in bags and barrels by grocers and flour dealers everywhere. WM. A. COOMBS, Coldwater, Mich.



The Right Thing.

Be sure to get it—it's the choicest article going—the flavor is perfect, for it's made from best leaf—use

B-L TOBACCOS

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

known drover, helping him gather in flocks of sheep. One night in the northern part of this county we were overtaken by a storm and put up at the first house we came to. We got a good supper. After eating, the man of the house and we sat around the table and talked while his wife cleared the table and washed the dishes. After that was done, she undressed her baby and washed the young one in the dish-pan, and we suddenly discovered that the supper didn't set nearly so well as some meals have done."

Thoughts and Observations.

Along with the tramps, the crusade against hiding beds should be considered. They are really dangerous. I learned they have recently entertained serious designs upon the lives of several throughout the country. Manufacturers should hereafter so construct them that when we go to sleep we are not in danger of being stood on our head, and waking up in some other world with which we are not over-anxious to become acquainted ahead of time.

A lady acquaintance shows me a love letter from an obscure stranger, though they both live in the county in this county, and I'll bet if he could have heard the remarks she made, he would consider himself non compos mentis. Don't ever commence matrimony with ink, go and see her personally. You must not be bashful. If you are, you might as well stay where you are. Girls like fun as well as boys and this one is having some over her would-be suitor.

Never ask a lady her age, it is about the most insulting thing you can do. And when we consider that our legislature has not as yet put an embargo on the practice of osculation, the road to matrimony is clear sailing as ever, and I trust that this gentleman will go about it in the proper way.

I think if husbands would show as much affection after as before marriage, divorces would diminish accordingly. I listened a few days ago to a well known Oxford county business man, who certainly at the time of his marriage or had a severe attack of braggadocio. He was telling of his many cares, his bad bills and heart-rending competition, and hard labor to make sales. This may be true, but the gentleman who is at the head of a gigantic enterprise at home has a snap compared with the man who steers a circus around the country. If you are running a saw-mill or selling groceries, don't get the idea that is the toughest job out. The fact is not many can conduct a circus without being out of the ordinary, and when you come to deal with everybody you have got to be somebody in order to keep balanced. There is no business that requires so much brains, pluck and a heart of Besemer steel as the circus, yet there are a few of them left.

As I write, a letter from a friend in New York lies before me, which says they are all anticipating some radical changes with the advent of Tammany this Jan. 1st. The safe way is to stay out of the ordinary, and when you come to deal with everybody you have got to be somebody in order to keep balanced. There is no business that requires so much brains, pluck and a heart of Besemer steel as the circus, yet there are a few of them left.

The people of this county and state cannot estimate the good work Prof. W. R. Chapman is doing here. They are growing about it in New York, they are doing it in the States, they are keeping him here to take hold and help. It is a duty every citizen owes not only to themselves but to the state, and if he is kind enough to bring the high priced artists here, cultivate your self-esteem, and join the chorus, you will be doing a little music a little bit I cannot be in it, but you who have, what an opportunity is at hand. Doubtless you have heard of the sweet singers of Maine, and let us keep up our reputation, one of the greatest and sweetest gifts to men and women.

The Homeliest Man in Norway As well as the handsomest, and one are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that cures and relieves all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 25c. and 50c.

NORTHWEST ALBANY.

Edwin Rolfe has twelve men cutting birch. Victor Mason visited his aunt, Mrs. Cyrus Rolfe, a few days ago.

John Bonfield, a Syrian peddler, stayed over Sunday at C. W. Rolfe's.

Clement Bellefontaine is having a bad sore on his knee. It is very painful.

Mrs. Cora Yashaw and husband have been visiting her sister, Mrs. Nathaniel Bengett.

Sylvanus Bennett is one of the smart old men. He is eighty-two and is seen hauling and cutting wood and doing chores. Mrs. Bennett has been for ten years in the family. She is seventy-three years old.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by the A. O. Noyes & Co. Drug Store, Norway, and F. A. Shurtleff of South Paris.

Every farmer interested in raising celery should send to the Agricultural Experiment Station at Orono, Me., for bulletin No. 40, that will tell all about it.

A present every week for a year will be a constant reminder of your thoughtfulness. Such a present can be easily made to anyone interested in Oxford County affairs, by sending them the OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER.

According to the State assessors' report the total amount of real and personal estate as returned is \$28,576,801, an increase of \$9,518,147 above similar returns for the year 1896. The increase in deposits of the Maine savings banks for the year ending Oct. 30, 1897, equals \$2,121,452.

What they need in Maine is a close season for men. It ought to be made unlawful to shoot a man anywhere in the Maine woods at any time between the beginning of the first day of January and the end of the last day of December. It is plain that at the present rate at which hunters are slaughtering human game in that part of the world, there will pretty soon be no sport there worth mentioning.—Boston Advertiser.

Norway High School Notes.

The first lyceum of the season was held on Thursday evening of last week. The school-room was crowded. The evening's entertainment opened with a piano duet by Annie Abbott and Eva Tibbitts. Sadie Bookers gave a reading. The question was: "Resolved that the study of mathematics and sciences is more beneficial to the ordinary student than languages and literature." The debaters were Grace Faunce and Alice Smith, affirmative; Lillian Anderson and Bert Tabbs, negative. They gave carefully prepared papers on the subject. A number spoke from the audience. There was a short recess, and the debate closed with more remarks by the appointed disputants. A poll of the house revealed an opinion that the affirmative had the better of the argument. A song and encore by Myrtle French, and reading the lyceum paper by the editors, Belle Harman and Lester Horne, were the rest of the program. The lyceum closed with singing "The Star Spangled Banner" by the assembled scholars.

The high school scholars have nearly all bought for themselves copies of "Under the Sun's School Songs," a book of elementary music. It also contains a large number of songs specially selected for school use, among which are the patriotic songs of our land. Singing by the school now forms a regular part of each day's exercises.

The officers of the Norway High School Lyceum are: President, Harry Andrews. Vice President, Annie Abbott. Secretary, Nellie Richards.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lame Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous trouble. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine forces up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c. a bottle at the A. O. Noyes & Co. Drug Store, Norway, and F. A. Shurtleff of South Paris.

Christ Child Legends.

Beasts and Birds Have a Prominent Place in Christmas Lore.

The story of the hunting of the wren in the Isle of Man every Christmas is well known. She is known as Our Lady's hen, God's chicken, Christ's bird, and is present at Christ's birth, brought man and feathers to cover the Holy Babe and made a nest in his cradle.

In France the cuckoo was believed to have flown from a Christmas log.

A Latin poem of the middle ages tells that the crossbill hatches her eggs at Christmas and her young birds fly off in their full plumage at Easter.

The Mohammedans have many legends of Isa, or Jesus. One tells that when he was 17 years old, he was his companions made birds and beasts of clay, and Isa proved his superiority by making his fly and walk as he commanded.

In the Tyrol they say the ravens used to be very scarce in the middle ages, but one day Jesus wanted to drink at a stream, and they splashed and so befouled the water that he could not, so he said, "Un-grateful birds, you are proud of your snow white feathers, but they shall become black and remain so until the judgment day."

A Russian legend tells that the horse flesh is considered unclean because when Christ lay in his manger the horse ate the hay from under his bed, but the angel joined the manger back on his horns to replace what the horse ate.

The Britons believe that the ox and the ass talk together between 11 and 12 o'clock every Christmas eve.

In Germany the cattle kneel in their stalls at that hour. Another version says they stand up.

The ass and the cow are sacred because they breathed upon the Holy Babe in his stall.

The ass is the most sure-footed of animals because he carried the holy family to Egypt by night. He has had a cross on his back ever since.

Old women used to sprinkle holy water on the ass and the cow to drive away disease.

Bees are said to buzz in their hives at the exact hour of our Saviour's birth.

In north Germany the version of the man in the moon is thus told: One Christmas eve a peasant greatly desired cabbage, but as he had none in his own garden he stole from his neighbor. Just as he filled his basket the Christ Child rode by on his white horse and said, "Because thou hast stolen on Christmas eve thou shalt sit in the moon with thy cabbage basket." And there he still sits.

Mummy Was Satisfied.

"Good morning, Mammy! Where is that old man of yours?" "He right yer in de cabin, sah."

"How was it he didn't come around to me yesterday, as he promised?" "I hain't know de reason, sah, lessen it war 'cause he tuk de notion ter go gunnin'."

"Oh, he went gunning, did he? Well, I suppose he was prompted with a desire to provide for his family. Did he have any luck?" "Accordin' ter my idee he done hab de bes' day's gunnin' w'at ebber happen ter 'im."

"What did he shoot?" "He done shoot 'muse'f, sah, an' he boun' ter stay home fo' a mont'."

The Enemy Is Ours!

The gripe usually leaves the sufferer in a very feeble condition, with a persistent cough and other premonitory symptoms of pulmonary affection. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup promptly administered at the beginning of an attack of gripe, will forestall that dangerous enemy to life—consumption. Mrs. Maggie Tulga, Ironton, Ohio, says: "It affords me much pleasure to bear testimony to the merits of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. I had been a sufferer from the gripe for a week, I tried a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and after taking it, was completely cured of the dreadful cough and disease. I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers." Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold everywhere for 25 cents.

it is what a cough may lead to that makes it so dangerous.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar is a medicine that has long been tested in private practice. Sold by druggists generally. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP. The firm of Murdock & Thomas is this day dissolved, E. W. Thomas retiring. The business will be continued by F. W. Murdock. All indebtedness to the firm is payable to Mr. Murdock. F. W. MURDOCK, E. W. THOMAS. Norway, Me., Nov. 23, 1897.

KLONDIKE FOR GOLD!
OXFORD COUNTY SHOE STORE
FOR
Christmas Slippers!

Our stock of SLIPPERS are the largest we have had for years, and we have made our prices very low for the Christmas trade. We invite you to examine our goods and get our prices before making your selection.

WARM FOOTWEAR
for both Old and Young. You can clothe your feet at our store for less money than elsewhere.

ALL GOODS AS REPRESENTED AT
OXFORD COUNTY SHOE STORE,
F. W. FAUNCE, Clerk.

FAIRBANK'S GOLD DUST Washing Powder.

Woman's best friend
Dirt's worst enemy

Largest package—greatest economy. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

When Selecting . . .
"CHRISTMAS GOODS"
Remember there are many PRETTY and USEFUL PRESENTS in HARDWARE which can be obtained at
J. O. CROOKER'S,
138 Main Street, Norway.
Our Stock is TOO LARGE to enumerate articles, but we shall be pleased to have you call and see the goods.

PIANOS
BEHR BROS. YERS & POND, NEW ENGLAND, LUDWIG, WILDORE, MATHUSEK & SON.

ESTEY, CHICAGO COTTAGE, CARPENTER, BRIDGEPORT.
ORGANS.

I control the sale of these celebrated Pianos and Organs. Price of Pianos from \$150 to \$550; price of Organs from \$50 to \$125, according to style, size and case. Piano Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books for sale at lowest possible prices. Pianos and Organs to rent—rent to apply on purchase price.

In order to close out my stock, which is larger than ever before, I shall make wholesale prices for the next sixty days. Intending purchasers will do well to examine this stock, if they wish to get wholesale prices. Send for illustrated circular.

W. J. WHEELER,
Billings Block, - South Paris, Me.

Christmas Presents
are not exactly in our line, but when you are getting ready for your Christmas Dinner then we can supply you with everything you may need. Christmas Candles, Oranges, Nuts, Table Raisins, Pop Corn, Figs, Dates, Etc. Remember we endeavor to carry everything usually found in a Grocery Store, and will try and make it for your interest to deal with us.
CHAS. F. RIDLON,
Danforth Block, Main Street. NORWAY, MAINE.

The Doctors of Hoyland

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

(Copyright, 1896, by the Author.)

Occasionally Dr. Ripley met her as he drove upon his rounds. She had started a high dogcart, taking the reins herself, with a little tiger behind. When they met, he invariably raised his hat with pious politeness, but the grim severity of his face showed how formal was the courtesy. In fact, his dislike was rapidly deepening into absolute detestation.

"The unsexed woman" was the description of her which he permitted himself to give to those of his patients who still remained staunch. But indeed they were a rapidly decreasing body, and every day his pride was galvanized by the news of some fresh defection. The lady had somehow impressed the country folk with an almost superstitious belief in her power, and from far and near they flocked to her consulting room.

But what galled him most of all was when she did something which he had pronounced to be impracticable. For all his knowledge he lacked nerve as an operator and usually sent his worst cases up to London. The lady, however, had no weakness of the sort and took everything that came in her way. It was agony to him to hear that she was about to straighten little Alec Turner's club foot, and right at the fringe of the rumor came a note from his mother, the rector's wife, asking him if he would be so good as to act as chloroformist. It would be inhumanity to refuse, as there was no other who could take the place, but it was gall and wormwood to his sensitive nature. Yet in spite of his vexation he could not but admire the dexterity with which the thing was done. She handled the little waxy foot so gently and held the tiny tincture knife as an artist holds his pencil. One straight incision, one snick of a tendon, and it was all over without a stain on the white towel which lay beneath. He had never seen anything more masterly, and he had the honesty to say so, though her skill increased his dislike of her. The operation spread her fame still farther at his expense, and self preservation was added to his other grounds for detesting her.

And this very detestation it was which brought matters to a curious climax. One winter's night, just as he was rising from his lonely dinner, a groom came riding down from Spindle Pasture, the richest man in the district, to say that his daughter had scalded her hand, and that medical help was needed on the instant. The coachman had ridden for the lady doctor, for it mattered nothing to the squire who came, as long as it were speedily. Dr. Ripley rushed from his surgery with the determination that she should not effect an entrance into this stronghold of his if hard driving on his part could prevent it. He did not even wait to light his lamps, but sprang into his gig and flew off as fast as hoof could rattle. He lived rather near to the squire's than she did and was convinced that he could get there well before her.

And so he would but for that whimsical element of chance which will forever muddle up the affairs of this world.

One snick of a tendon. Whether it came from the want of his lights or from his mind being full of the thoughts of his rival, he allowed too little by half a foot in taking the sharp turn up on the Basingstoke road. The empty trap and the frightened horse clattered away into the darkness, while the squire's groom crawled out of the ditch into which he had been shot. He struck a match, looked down at his groaning companion, and then, after the fashion of rough, strong men when they see what they have not seen before, he was very sick.

The doctor raised himself a little on his elbow in the glint of the match. He caught a glimpse of something white and sharp bristling through his trousers' leg, half way down the shin. "Compound!" he groaned. "A three months' job," and fainted.

When he came to himself, the groom was gone, for he had scudded off to the squire's house for help, but a small page was holding a pig lamp in front of his injured leg, and a woman with an open case of polished instruments gleaming in the yellow light, was deftly slitting his trousers with a crooked pair of scissors.

"It's all right, doctor," said she, soothingly. "I am so sorry about it. You can have Dr. Horton tomorrow, but I am sure you will allow me to help you tonight. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you by the roadside."

"The groom has gone for help," groaned the sufferer.

"When it comes, we can move you into the gig. A little more light, John! Sol Ah, dear, dear, we shall have laceration there if we reduce this before we move you. Allow me to give you a whiff of chloroform, and I have no doubt, that I can secure it sufficiently to!"

Dr. Ripley never heard the end of that sentence. He tried to raise a hand and to murmur something in protest, but a sweet smell was in his nostrils, and a sense of rich peace and lethargy stole over his jangled nerves. Down he went, through clear, cool water, ever down and down into the green shadows beneath, gently, without effort, while the pleasant chiming of a great bell rose and fell in his ears. Then he rose again, up and up, and ever up, with a terrible tightness about his temples, until at last he shot out of those green shadows and was out in the light once more. Two bright shining golden spots

gleamed before his dazed eyes. He blinked and blinked before he could give a name to them. They were only the two brass balls at the end of his bed, and he was lying in his own little room, with a head like a cannon ball and a leg like an iron bar. Turning his eyes, he saw the calm face of Dr. Verinder Smith looking down at him.

"Ah, at last!" said she. "I kept you under all the way home, for I knew how painful the jolting would be. It is in good position now, with a strong side splint. I have ordered a morphia draft for you. Shall I tell your groom to ride for Dr. Horton in the morning?"

"I should prefer that you should continue the case," said Dr. Ripley feebly, and then, with a half hysterical laugh, "You have all the rest of the parish as patients, you know, so you may as well make the thing complete by having me also." It was not a very gracious speech, but it was a look of pity, and not of anger, which shone in her eyes as she turned away from his bedside.

Dr. Ripley had a brother William, who was assistant surgeon at a London hospital, and who was down in Hampshire within a few hours of his hearing of the accident. He raised his brows when he heard the details.

"What! You are pestered with one of those!" he cried.

"I don't know what I should have done without her."

"I've no doubt she's an excellent nurse."

"She knows her work as well as you or I."

"Speak for yourself, James," said the London man, with a sniff. "But, apart from that, you know that the principle of the thing is all wrong."

"You think there is nothing to be said on the other side?"

"Good heavens, do you?"

"Well, I don't know. It struck me during the night that we may have been a little narrow in our views."

"Nonsense, James! It's all very fine for women to win prizes in the lecture room, but you know as well as I do that they are no use in an emergency. Now I warrant that this woman was all nerves when she was setting your leg. That reminds me that I had better just take a look at it and see that it is all right."

"I would rather that you did not do it," said the patient. "I have her assurance that it is all right."

Brother William was deeply shocked.

"Of course, if a woman's assurance is of more value than the opinion of the assistant surgeon of a London hospital, there is nothing more to be said," he remarked.

"I should prefer that you did not touch it," said the patient firmly, and Dr. William went back to London that evening in a huff. The lady, who had heard of his coming, was much surprised on learning of his departure.

"We had a difference upon a point of professional etiquette," said Dr. James, and it was all the explanation he would vouchsafe.

For two months Dr. Ripley was brought in contact with his rival every day, and he learned many things which he had not known before. She was a charming companion as well as a most assiduous doctor. Her short presence during the long weary day was like a flower in a sand waste. What interested him was precisely what interested her, and she could meet him at every point upon equal terms, and yet under all her learning and her firmness ran a sweet, womanly nature, peeping out in her talk, shining in her greenish eyes, showing itself in a thousand subtle ways which the duller of men could not read. And he, though a bit of a prig and a pedant, was by no means dull and had honesty enough to confess when he was in the wrong.

"I don't know how to apologize to you," he said in his shamed fashion one day, when he had progressed so far as to be able to sit in an armchair with his leg upon another one. "I feel that I have been quite in the wrong."

"Why, then?"

"Over this woman question. I used to think that a woman must inevitably lose something of her charm if she took up such studies."

"Oh, you don't think they are necessarily unsexed then?" she cried, with a mischievous smile.

"Please don't recall my idiotic expression."

"I feel so pleased that I should have helped in changing your views. I think that it is the most sincere compliment that I have ever had paid me."

"At any rate, it is the truth," said he, and was happy all night at the remembrance of the flush of pleasure which made her pale face look quite lovely for the instant.

For indeed he was already far past the stage when he would acknowledge her as the equal of any other woman. Already he could not disguise from himself that she had become the one woman. Her dainty skill, her gentle touch, her sweet presence, the community of their tastes, had all united to hopelessly upset his previous opinions. It was a dark day for him now when his convalescence allowed him to miss a visit, and darker still that other one which he saw approaching when all occasion for her visits would be at an end. It came around at last, however, and he felt that his whole life's fortune would hang upon the issue of that final interview. He was a direct man by nature, so he laid his hand upon hers as it felt for his pulse, and he asked her if she would be his wife.

"What, and unite the practices?" said she.

He started in pain and anger. "Surely you do not attribute any such base motive to me," he cried. "I love you as unselfishly as ever a woman was loved."

"No, I was wrong. It was a foolish speech," said she, moving her chair a little back and tapping her stethoscope upon her knee. "Forget that I ever said it. I am so sorry to cause you any disappointment, and I appreciate most highly the honor which you do me, but what you ask is quite impossible."

With another woman he might have urged the point, but his instincts told him that it was quite useless to insist upon it. Her tone of voice was conclusive. He said nothing, but leaned back in his chair a stricken man.

"I am so sorry," she said again. "If I had known what was passing in your mind, I should have told you earlier that I intend to devote my life entirely to science. There are many women with a capacity for marriage, but few with a taste for biology. I will remain true to my own line then. I came down here while waiting for an opening in the Paris Physiological laboratory. I have just heard that there is a vacancy for me there, and so you will be troubled no more by my intrusion upon your practice. I have done you an injustice, as you did me one. I thought you narrow and pedantic, with no good quality. I have learned during your illness to appreciate you better, and the recollection of our friendship will always be a very pleasant one to me."

And so it came about that in a very few weeks there was only one doctor in Hoyland. But folks noticed that the one who had aged many years in a few months; that a weary sadness lurked always in the depths of his blue eyes, and that he was less concerned than ever with the eligible young ladies whom chance, or their careful country mamma, placed in his way.

THE END.

A Hotel Incident.

They were spotted for a bridal couple as soon as they entered the dining room, but the waiters were too busy to notice them, and all the tables were filled. So they stood just inside the door holding hands.

After awhile the head waiter saw them from the other side of the room and beckoned them, being afraid to leave the place that had just been vacated.

The newly married man dropped his bride's hand and started across the big dining room as if it had been a skating rink. When half way across, he turned and skated back to her.

"Maria," he said in loud, manly tones, "don't ye stir from here till I get back."

"Naw, Pete," she responded, "but don't ye be gone long."

Again he circumnavigated the dining room and returned to Maria, where she stood blushing and bridling by the door.

"Stay right here," he urged in a loud whisper; "if ye don't, ye'll sure get lost. I'll come back in a minute, when I see what that fellow wants."

But the waiter came up at that moment and took the two of them in tow and landed them safely in the places he had secured for them.—Detroit Free Press.

No Beginning to History.

It is more than 40 years ago since I was much impressed by hearing Professor Sedgwick say in his emphatic manner, "Geology knows no beginning—knows no beginning!" I was very young then, and the words came upon me as a new revelation for which I was not prepared. Mr. Cadaverous was my guide and mentor in those days, and I went to him in my perplexity.

"Is it true? What does he mean?"

"Quite true, my friend. Reach what point we may in the past, there is always something behind it."

"Then is it true of history?"

"Yes, of history! History, too, knows no beginning! Yet be it remembered that history knows many beginnings. Abraham's start from Ur of the Chaldees was one of them. Mohammed's hejira from Mecca was another, and a third was Caesar's first campaign in Gaul."—Rev. Dr. Jessopp in Nineteenth Century.

Stephen T. Whitney, an old and highly respected citizen of this town died, Wednesday forenoon. Mr. Whitney was a native and life-long resident of Harrison. He belonged to an old and representative Harrison family, his grandfather, Moses Whitney, being the local pioneer of the race, who settled on the old town line, half a mile south of Meadow Brook, in 1815—one of a family of eleven who served in the Revolution. Stephen Whitney was the oldest child of Freeman and Mary (Gray) Whitney, both Harrison people, of whose children there survive James G. and George Whitney of this town, and Mrs. John H. Caswell of Bridgton. Mr. Whitney was by vocation a farmer, and lived about a mile north-east from the village. He was a wife of Katherine Brown—three sons and three daughters. He was a member of the Free Baptist Church. The funeral was held at the church, Friday afternoon, conducted by the pastor.

NEWRY.

John S. Allen is visited by his brother, J. F. Coolidge has gone to Upton with freight.

Virgil Chapman and wife went to Bethel, one day last week, visiting.

Carrie Hastings has given up her school at North Newry on account of sickness.

There was quite a lot of rain fell here, last week, making when frozen nice skating for the school children.

Charles Frost and Mrs. Stephen Gaudet are at Andover on a visit. Mr. Frost has swapped horses and got another of A. F. Andrews' big western horses.

Woman and the Grange.

The Grange is especially the friend of woman. It recognizes her as the equal of men. As she is his helpmate and companion in the home and on the farm, so she is in the Grange the same helpmate and companion. She adds dignity to the Grange. Her presence brings a graciousness and homelikeness to the Grange which no other secret organization can approximate. She can vote here as intelligently as does her husband. Her judgment seems equally good. The experiment of giving women equal rights in the Grange has proven a great success. It has in no way degraded her. She is the same good woman she was before the Grange came. Her influence has helped to elevate the tone and raise higher for good the character of the Grange. The Grange has no smoke rooms. It does not need them. It has no secret closets. All is open as the day, or the countenance, of the truly honest man.

A woman's influence reaches the best places in a man's heart. A man's influence helps to develop the best in woman. It is not the oak and vine, but two strong divinely given personalities which need the other to complete each other. The Grange is happy in the equality of man and woman.—Truth.

CASTORIA.

Such as Conan Doyle, Alfred R. Calhoun, Cy Worman, Carmen Syva and I. Zangwill, who write Our Short Stories.

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CHRISTMAS AT STONE'S.

Presents by the thousands for Sweetheart, Family, Friends.
Presents of every kind at all prices, so anybody can be suited.

MEDALLIONS. These beautiful pictures on glass delight every lover of fine art. They cost from 50 cents to \$5.00.

WRITING MATERIALS. Do you appreciate nice stationery? If so my store is the place you have been looking for.

LAP TABLETS from 50c. to \$1.00. Small Desks for a dollar. Ink Stands and Fountain Pens of the kinds that you can't help liking when used.

PAPER in boxes, tablets and loose.

BOOKS. We sell the Altamont Petit Trianon edition of Standard works for 23c. each or five for \$1.00. These are our especial bargain of nice books. The recent novels and the standard poets as well.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS from 1c. to \$1.50, nicely printed, prettily illustrated. Fancy Gift Books and Booklets to suit all tastes.

ALBUMS in leather and celluloid from \$1.00 to \$5.00. Also Autograph Albums from 10c. to \$1.25.

TOY AND GAMES for young and old. Of course Dolls and Banks are the leaders in the toys and Cards and Checker Boards in the games, but here you can find lots of others as well, including the Latest Novelties.

SLEDS for the children from 45c. to ten times that value.

POCKET-BOOKS AND PURSES for ladies and gentlemen. Dairies for 1898 for everybody.

BEAUTIFUL CALENDARS AND GIFT CARDS are an ornament to any home, and you can't get better ones than at my store.

KNIVES. Pocket knives, pen knives, for young and old of both sexes.

PIPES AND CIGARS that will please the smokers.

TOILET CASES, Etc., in celluloid and leather. All the vast variety that goes in this class.

PERFUMES. Palmer's are the nicest made, and I have the best line ever in my store. Atomizers too are nicer than ever.

SCRAP BOOKS that will delight you if you like to work over one of those treasures.

MANTEL MIRRORS, WALL ORNAMENTS, Etc., both useful and pretty.

RAZORS, and all other shaving goods for the gentlemen.

STONE'S, 143 Main Street, NORWAY, ME.

HARRISON.

Mrs. Francis Whitney is critically sick. One of her two daughters live with her, the other, Mrs. Napoleon Gray, who dwells in another State, arrived in response to telegraphic summons.

Mrs. M. Lombard, formerly of Harrison, but who has recently lived in Lewiston, is doing some work in the County in the interest of the juvenile department of the Good Templar Order.

The following is from the Press:—"The supreme court sustains the decision of Recorder Weymouth of Biddeford in a civil action recently brought. It will cost the town of Harrison a pretty penny for contesting a claim of \$38. James Hamilton of North Saco had that claim against the town for work done on the highway. He says that it was because of enemies that he was unable to get a settlement and had to sue. Sue he did and Recorder Weymouth allowed his claim in full. The case was appealed and Hamilton says that his enemies are simply trying to bother him as much as possible and are making the town stand the expense. It is estimated that the town has already been put to an expense of \$200 in contesting this claim which the Biddeford court has found to be a valid one."

Stephen T. Whitney, an old and highly respected citizen of this town died, Wednesday forenoon. Mr. Whitney was a native and life-long resident of Harrison. He belonged to an old and representative Harrison family, his grandfather, Moses Whitney, being the local pioneer of the race, who settled on the old town line, half a mile south of Meadow Brook, in 1815—one of a family of eleven who served in the Revolution. Stephen Whitney was the oldest child of Freeman and Mary (Gray) Whitney, both Harrison people, of whose children there survive James G. and George Whitney of this town, and Mrs. John H. Caswell of Bridgton. Mr. Whitney was by vocation a farmer, and lived about a mile north-east from the village. He was a wife of Katherine Brown—three sons and three daughters. He was a member of the Free Baptist Church. The funeral was held at the church, Friday afternoon, conducted by the pastor.

NEWRY.

John S. Allen is visited by his brother, J. F. Coolidge has gone to Upton with freight.

Virgil Chapman and wife went to Bethel, one day last week, visiting.

Carrie Hastings has given up her school at North Newry on account of sickness.

There was quite a lot of rain fell here, last week, making when frozen nice skating for the school children.

Charles Frost and Mrs. Stephen Gaudet are at Andover on a visit. Mr. Frost has swapped horses and got another of A. F. Andrews' big western horses.

Woman and the Grange.

The Grange is especially the friend of woman. It recognizes her as the equal of men. As she is his helpmate and companion in the home and on the farm, so she is in the Grange the same helpmate and companion. She adds dignity to the Grange. Her presence brings a graciousness and homelikeness to the Grange which no other secret organization can approximate. She can vote here as intelligently as does her husband. Her judgment seems equally good. The experiment of giving women equal rights in the Grange has proven a great success. It has in no way degraded her. She is the same good woman she was before the Grange came. Her influence has helped to elevate the tone and raise higher for good the character of the Grange. The Grange has no smoke rooms. It does not need them. It has no secret closets. All is open as the day, or the countenance, of the truly honest man.

A woman's influence reaches the best places in a man's heart. A man's influence helps to develop the best in woman. It is not the oak and vine, but two strong divinely given personalities which need the other to complete each other. The Grange is happy in the equality of man and woman.—Truth.

CASTORIA.

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A Gentleman Appreciates a Fine Lady!

A Gentleman also appreciates something useful and durable for a

Christmas Present!

We carry one of the most **USEFUL, DURABLE** and **DESIRABLE** lines of

Gents' and Boys' Wearing Apparel

to be found in Town. Ask for our

B and B of Gents' Up-to-date 20c., 3 for 50c.

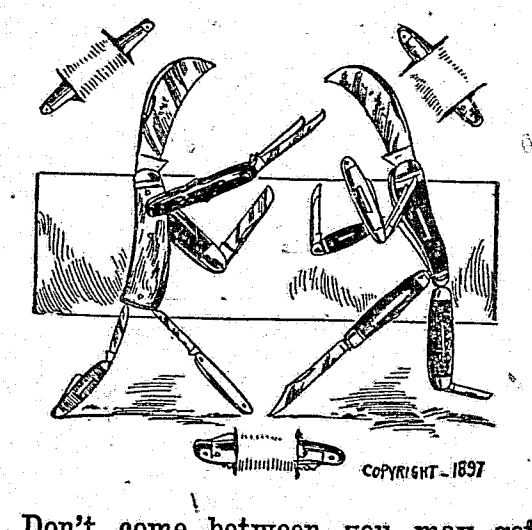
We also carry a fine line of latest shapes and extra quality for 10c.

Gents' 25c. Neckwear, 2 for 25c.
50c. 29c. and 33c.

GIVE US A CALL. WE CAN PLEASE YOU.

NORWAY CLOTHING HOUSE, OPERATORS of 5 STORES

A. L. SANBORN & CO., 132 MAIN STREET.



Don't come between, you may get out for
Good Knives
sometimes do. Buy the boy a good one for Christmas. Prices from

AXES. 5c. to \$1.50.

Wm. C. Leavitt. Prices Both High and Low. **WM. C. LEAVITT.**

Summer has ended, autumn is here. Now is the time you want to stay in the house, and you wish to have your rooms comfortable and attractive. We have just received a lot of

NEW FURNITURE

direct from the factory, that can and will be sold as cheap as you can purchase anywhere in the State. Chamber Suits in Oak, Ash, Polished Birch and White Enamel, from \$13.00 to 40.00.

Parlor Suits, Upholstered Chairs, Swing Rockers, Willows in great variety, Dining Chairs at all prices.

Couches and Lounges, from \$5.00 to 20.00.

Tables in too great an assortment for description.—Hair, Cotton, Wool, Peerless and Soft Top Mattresses, Pillows from \$2.00 to 5.50.

In fact everything you need to make you feel satisfied with the comforts of home. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

C. H. EATON, Harrison, Maine.

The Joneses' Telephone.

By ANNIE HOWELLS FROCHETTE.

(Copyright, 1895, by the Author.)

"Now, we won't be selfish with our telephone, will we? We will let a few friends use it occasionally. It will be such a pleasure and convenience," Mrs. Jones stood off and looked admiringly at the new telephone.

"By all means. It is here, and it may as well be doing some one a service as to stand idle, and I like to feel that a friend isn't afraid to ask a favor of me now and then. Yes, I suppose that telephone will save many a car fare during the year. You can use it to do your marketing instead of tiring yourself out and waiting half a day three or four times a week, and days when I forget things think how easy it will be to telephone and remind me. Why, it will entirely do away with the need for strings to tie around my fingers."

"Of course it will. I'm sure that what we'll save on strings and car fare will pay the rent of the instrument," joyously responded Mrs. Jones, who had no great head for figures.

Thus hope and kindly intentions presided at the inauguration of the Joneses' telephone.

Three months passed, and the great invention had carried much information—useful and otherwise—not only to its owners, but to the entire neighborhood. There were even days when the Joneses questioned whether they were not running a public telephone, so often did the bell ring. It is true it had not quite paid for itself in the anticipated saving of car fares and finger strings. Still it had certainly been a great comfort, and "Well, we'll just face the music and call it a luxury," said Jones as he put away the receipt for his first quarter's rent, "especially for our friends," he added, with just a touch of bitterness.

Scarcely 24 hours after this philosophical stand was taken Mrs. Jones, who was rather a light sleeper, was aroused by a violent and prolonged ringing. It was 6 o'clock and Sunday morning, a day and hour usually dedicated to undisturbed slumber. After a brief debate in her own mind as to whether the house was on fire or the milkman was ringing, she realized that it was the telephone bell. She hastily donned slippers and gown and ran down stairs. In reply to her interrogative "Yes?" (Mrs. Jones could never bring herself to say "Hello") came the following in measured and clerical tones:

"It is Mr. Brown—Rev. Mr. Brown—speaking."

"Oh, yes?" instinctively covering her half clad feet in the folds of her gown. "I believe you live near the Rev. Mr. Smith and are a member of his church?"

"Yes."

"Will you be good enough to send to him and ask if he can spare his curate to take Mr. Brown's early service for him, as he is called away. I would be glad if you would send immediately, as I must have his answer within 15 minutes. Thank you. Please call up 1001," and snap went the telephone.

Mrs. Jones looked at her reluctant and reflected that her one servant was at mass and would not be back for an hour. She went slowly up stairs.

"Tom, Tom, dear, wake up."

"What is it?"

"The Rev. Brown has telephoned to know whether the Rev. Smith can send his curate to take his early service."

"Well, what in the world have I got to do with the peddling out of early services?" snapped Jones as he turned and shook up his pillows.

"He has to have an answer to his message within 15 minutes," settling back comfortably.

"But Susan has gone to mass."

"And I suppose that means that I am to be turned out of my bed at daybreak and center half a mile!" cried Jones in a high and excited voice as he bounced from his bed and began to grope sleepily for his clothes. His toilet was made amid grumblings of "Confound their early services, why can't they stay in bed like Christians instead of prowling about and disturbing men out in the chilly morning air?" etc.

Jones' temper was soured for the day, and that night, as he was winding his watch, he said severely: "Jane, I'm going to draw the line at delivering messages. Tom, Dick and Harry can come here and holler in the telephone until they are hoarse, but I'll be switched if I'll be messenger boy any longer."

But messages continued to come and go, increasing rather than decreasing in frequency. People in the neighborhood fell into the habit of saying to friends in distant parts of the city when leaving a question open: "Just telephone me

remained forever indignantly shut within the telephone—as, for instance, that of the little girl, which came in a shrill, piping voice.

"Mrs. Jones, will you send your servant over to Mrs. Graham's to ask Milly where she got that perfectly delicious delight she gave me the other day? And tell her to be quick about it, please, for I'm waiting."

And another which came in chuffy, distorted, conversational English, regularly "chippie" English, very hard to understand, but which she finally straightened out to: "I say there—aw—oh—is that you, Mrs. Jones? Sorry to trouble you, but would you be so awfully good as to send word to Mrs. Bruce—aw—that I'm awfully out up about it, but I won't be able to dine there tonight? Aw—I wouldn't trouble you, but it's so awfully hot I can't go round to explain to her—you know. Thanks, awfully."

The telephone was closed, and the awfully cut up young man whose sole claim on Mrs. Jones was that they had once met at a party was left to be healed by time.

He had for company in his fate the enthusiastic tennis player, who, in the midst of "a little summer shower," summoned Mrs. Jones.

"I want to speak to Flannigan, the gardener."

"This is not Flannigan's telephone."

"And who is speaking?"

"Mrs. Jones."

"Oh, well, Mrs. Jones, I can give my message to you just as well. I want you to tell Flannigan to come and roll the tennis ground at once. He will understand. Tell him right away, please."

"Flannigan does not live here."

"Well, you can send him word, I suppose," in a surprised and offended voice, "to oblige a lady. It is Miss Mortimer who is speaking," and there was an impressive silence. Mrs. Jones remembered Miss Mortimer as a high stepping young woman whom she had met at a friend's house, and who had given her the impression of taking an inventory of her. So Mrs. Jones took pleasure in replying: "Miss Mortimer probably does not know that she is addressing a private telephone. Good day."

But it was Jones, the luckless Jones, who seemed set aside for the cruel piteous of the telephoning public. One night, which he will ever point to as the wildest and wildest night he has known, he had settled himself into his most comfortable chair, with a pile of new magazines beside him, when he was disturbed by a summons from the telephone. He responded with readiness, for he was rather expecting a call from his partner, and to his cheerful "Hello, old fellow, I'm here!" came in a sputtering and wind tossed voice, "Will you please tell Mrs. Goodson that as it is so stormy her daughter will not go home tonight."

Jones turned and confronted his wife, and for a time words refused to come.

"Well, this is a little too much! Now, think of an unknown voice barking at me to go into a storm like this and tell the Goodsons that their daughter will not be at home tonight!"

The Goodsons lived just six squares away.

"And what will you do, dear? Why didn't you say plainly that you would not and could not go out into a storm like this; that they must send a messenger?"

"They shut me off without giving me time to answer."

"Well, call them up. Call them up at once."

"Jane, please have some sense. How do I know where Miss Goodson has gadded off to? How do I know what number to call up?"

"Well, I just wouldn't do."

"Oh, I'll have to. They are friends, and if they are expecting that girl of theirs home tonight and she doesn't come Mrs. Goodson will go out of her mind."

So Jones drove himself forth, clad in righteous indignation and a waterproof coat. The cold rain lashed him, and the wind belabored his umbrella, and he was more than once obliged to pause under friendly porches to get his breath. At last the home of the Goodsons was reached, and spent and weary he staggered up the steps. Goodson himself opened the door.

"Hello, Jones, you're no fair weather friend indeed. Come in, come in."

"No, I'm too wet," he answered pointedly (and he felt like adding "and too mad"). "I only came to tell you that Miss Goodson won't be at home tonight."

"My daughter! She is at home. Don't you hear her playing on the piano now? Come into the vestibule anyway."

Jones walked in, with the rain streaming from his coat.

"Katy!" called Mr. Goodson to his wife. "Here is Jones come to say that Julia won't be home tonight."

"What?" demanded Mrs. Goodson, appearing in the hall and regarding Jones as if he were a mild sort of lunatic. "Julia is at home."

"Well, I don't understand it," said Jones plaintively. "I was rung up half an hour ago and asked to come and tell you that your daughter wouldn't be at home on account of the storm."

"And do you mean to say that you stand ready to turn out at all hours and deliver messages free of cost?" cried Goodson.

"It looks that way."

"Well, you are an ass!"

"Don't compliment me too freely, Goodson. I can't take in much more. I'm soaked as it is."

Mrs. Goodson stood thinking. "Who could have been meant? Oh, I've just thought! It must be that Mrs. Goodson who sews for Mrs. Jones and me. And she has a daughter—a typewriter down town—and she has friends living in the suburbs. She has doubtless gone there to dinner and concluded to stay all night. But she lives just around the corner from you."

Goodson laughed loudly and brutally. "A bonny sort of a night for a respectable family man like you, Jones, to be skylarking around carrying messages for typewriting maidens!"

"Oh, come now, that's a little too much!"

"Well, old man, I'll show my gratitude for your friendly intentions toward me by going round to the telephone people the first thing in the morning and complaining of you. You've no right to be running opposition to the public telephone in this way."

"If you only would!" and Jones wrung his friend's hand while tears of thankfulness welled up to his eyes.

Once in the street he looked for a contemptuous enemy to kick him briskly to the door of the Widow Goodson. The latter was evidently about to retire, as it was a long time before she responded.



"We can hire a boy."

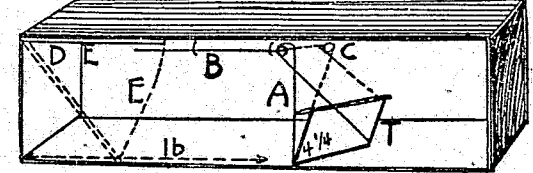
FARM AND GARDEN

RABBITS IN THE ORCHARD.

The Trap Plan as Successfully Employed by a Kentucky Orchardist.

An ever recurring problem is the one concerning the protection of young orchards from the attacks of rodents. A Kentucky correspondent of Ohio Farmer who claims success with trapping rabbits writes as follows about his plan:

We believe we have a better way than protecting the trees to handle the rabbits.



A KENTUCKY RABBIT TRAP.

mine, because whenever one "investigates" our protector, we "have him" and proceed to eat him in due time.

Having a young orchard of 1,500 trees, besides thousands of young fruit trees in nursery, it was a serious question how to protect them from the ravages of the rabbits. Have not had a tree damaged since adopting this trap plan. We use a row of traps around the outer rows of orchard and nursery trees, two to four rods apart—think, perhaps, they might be farther apart and catch all of them. Last winter we caught 67 rabbits and 3 opossums. Caught our first one Oct. 17, and Nov. 19 got our thirty-seventh for this fall. I inclose out of the trap. To make the trap use 6 inch fencing boards or scraps of any inch lumber, but side pieces should be 6 inches wide. Cut four pieces 6 inches wide, 24 inches long; one piece 6 inches wide and 4 inches long, for back end, making box 4 by 6 by 23 inches inside measure. In front end hang door. Arrange frame and trigger shown in cut, using a couple of tacks in bottom of trap for treads to rest against when tilted. By so doing treads can be taken out for repairs when wires get bent. A and B are made of wire; door and treads of half inch lumber. For hinges for door we use wire nails with heads out off, driven into end of door. Holes made in sides with gimlet larger than nails, to work easily, and not bored quite through to prevent water running in and freezing door up. Dotted lines D, show position of door when down. E shows track of lower edge of door when lifting to position. F, a couple of staples will hold wire, B, in position. When the rabbit steps on treads, T, it pulls the wire, B, out of C, letting door fall.

News and Notes.

A new fungicide for the treatment of smuts bears the name ceres-pulver. It consists mainly of potassium sulphide.

An extra early forcing radish, remarkable for the small size of its leaves and called leafless radish, is said to be of excellent quality.

FILLING A BULLDOG'S TEETH.

An Operation Which a Scranton Dentist Did With Heston, but Sumner.

A powerful and ferocious bulldog, owned by Dr. Ward of Scranton, Pa., enjoys the distinction of having a big dog filling in one of his incisors, and a good many citizens, who have caught a gleam of the gold in his mouth, wonder how the filling was done. Some think it was done through hypnotic influence by the doctor over the dog, while others insist that it was through the dog's implicit obedience to his master's command.

The bulldog's name is Gem. He is as ugly in appearance as a prize winner in a dog show. His nose is a mass of wrinkles, and his eyes have a wicked gleam for any one but his master and Mrs. Ward. His affection for them, however, knows no bounds. When Gem was discovered one day clasping his muzzle between his paws, rolling over and over on the floor and moaning, his mouth was examined, and it was found that there was a big cavity in one of the incisors. It was decided that a dentist should be consulted. The dentist found that it would be necessary to use a rubber dam, and he promised to fill the cavity provided Gem was etherized. This was done, and the operation was considered, a successful one, although Gem evidently thought otherwise. Some time afterward the filling came out, and Gem's last state was worse than his first, for he refused to submit to another operation with ether. At the first sniff of the anæsthetic he not only added a score of wrinkles to those already in his nose, but showed his teeth in so dangerous a way that the dentist refused to proceed. Dr. Ward insisted that he could make Gem stand on the table and have the tooth filled without wincing. The dentist was dubious about trusting his hand between the brute's jaws, but finally consented to try.

Gem was put on the table, and his master stood in front of him, kept his eyes fixed on Gem's and told him to open his mouth. Gem did so, and a rubber dam was soon adjusted in place. The dentist set to work with the instrument of torture called a bur, and one of Gem's ears went down in a threatening way, while the other remained cocked. The doctor held one finger raised and kept his eyes fixed on Gem's, that never wandered from his master's gaze. The attitude of Gem's ears proved a barometer of his sufferings when the bur touched a spot close to the nerve. When both ears went down, the dentist knew he had gone as far as dogs' nature would let him go. Gem's eyes never wandered from the doctor's in the 1½ hours the dentist was at work. Gem stood the final polishing, and when his master gave the word for him to get down from the table Gem danced with demonstrations of joy at his release. Since that day he has no trouble in unfastening the biggest, beef hams.

OATS AND PEAS.

Grown For Summer Ensilage by a New England Farmer.

"We have hardly come to an understanding of a suitable rotation of soiling crops and the methods of handling them before the summer soil offers itself as a rival to the soiling system. This new method obviates some of the objections to soiling. It is cheaper to handle a whole crop at once than to fragment every day in all weathers. The handling of the crop is concentrated and therefore cheapened. The ground is promptly cleared for the next crop. If spring grown crops can be matured and harvested into the empty corn silo in time to meet the midsummer drought, we are saving expense in several directions. Under our conditions this can be done," writes a Connecticut farmer to Rural New Yorker. Following are additional gleanings from the same source:

The oat and pea crop here is prepared for and sown in the same manner as oats are sown. About 1-2 bushels of each per acre are sown. As far as the stage for cutting is concerned, I look for the time when the oats are going out of the milk and the peas are pretty well podded, although the matter is more often decided by the lodging of the crop. When considerable of the crop goes down, the sooner it is cut the better.

Our silo is 15 feet square and 20 deep. In winter we feed 22 or 23 cattle from the top of it, and in cool weather this does well enough. But in summer we feed some half dozen less, and with the hot weather one-half the above surface would be plenty large enough. For a summer silo I would say, therefore, get as much depth as possible and not more than six or seven square feet per animal of top surface. If a silo is airtight and frostproof, it will exclude warm air as well as cold, and the only point of attack and of resistance will be from the top.

We have put in oat and pea ensilage whole as it was cut in the field, and cut into 1-2 inch lengths. In either case the ensilage was as palatable as the best corn ensilage. We lost considerable on the outside from dry mold because we had not sufficient pressure to pack it tightly. If there is a preponderance of oats in the crop, it should go into the silo very wet, as the hollow straw carries so much air. If peas predominate, not so much exterior moisture is necessary. Generally speaking, the crop should be carted as fast as cut. We have put on oats and peas into our empty corn silo four or five times, and, while there is yet much to learn, I believe that the practice will, before many years, have as firm a hold as the corn silo.

Feeding Rack.

Where the farmer has rough fodder that he must feed out, advantage can be taken on many sunny days of this liking on the part of the stock for out of door eating. An easily made and convenient rack for such out of door feeding is shown in the cut here reproduced from the New York Tribune. It can be reached by the stock from four sides, and the last mouthful can be reached, as the bottom is close in to the post in the center. "With the sides spread still

Wool From Wood.

The latest wonder among the textiles is a fabric woven from the fibers of wood which has been put through a special chemical process. This important method of treating wood fiber, rendering it equal to wool or cotton for all practical purposes, is of German origin, and is known as the "Mestler" process of chemically treating wood pulp.

Difficult to Reach.

Every true Mohammedan endeavors to make at least one journey to Mecca. Want of funds keeps the majority from going more than once, while the wealthier class go as many as five and six times. The poor save and save their whole lifetime to put by enough to enable them to perform the journey.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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BUCKFIELD.

Rev. Mr. Hannaford of Rumford Falls has lately been in town.

Charles Holland of Portland came, to visit his parents, Tuesday.

Considerable preparation is in progress at the Methodist church for Christmas eve.

The Baptist people who were to have had Christmas "doings," Wednesday evening, have adjourned over to Sunday night.

Dr. Sturgess of Auburn was especially called to visit Mrs. Amiel Jones, last Saturday. She has been sick for some months.

A doctor after diagnosing the troubles of a patient, recommended an animal diet. Later on the patient said, he got along very well with oats and cracked corn, but he drew the line at meadow hay.

Norman Buck was in town, Monday. Since the death of his wife at Bethel, a few weeks since, he has closed out at that place and gone with his little daughter Gladys to stop with his uncle, Ariel Horton of Sumner.

Nezineet Lodge of I. O. of O. F., at their meeting, last Saturday night, presented Albion P. Doherty with a gold headed cane as a mark of esteem. He sold household goods, Wednesday, preparatory to moving to Auburn.

Charlie F. was a studious boy and strove hard to have perfect lessons, but when it came to Dr. in abbreviations he was stuck. With a view to prompt him the teacher says, "What do you have when you are sick?" Hastily he answered "Dysentery."

WEST BETHEL.

Henry Goodnow is rather poorly and seems to be failing.

Mrs. G. B. Lowell had quite a sick spell, last Saturday.

George Murphy is cutting wood on land of Nahum Mason.

Nellie Holt called on her mother, Mary F. Ordway, one day last week.

Jack Fish who cut his leg, a short time ago, is now able to work again.

Lysander Ordway has returned to his old home in Gilead with his son Fred.

C. H. Cook went to Portland, last Saturday, to purchase goods for his store.

We now have three stores in our village and it is reported that we are soon to have another.

Alma Edgerly of Washington, D. C., is here for a few weeks visit to her sister, Mrs. J. E. Pike.

Rev. I. A. Bean of South Paris is expected to preach at union church in this village, next Sunday, Dec. 26, at two o'clock p. m.

There is to be a Christmas festival at A. S. Bean's Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 25. A good time is expected and a tree loaded with nice presents.

I wish the proprietors of the ADVERTISER and all their help in and about their office, also all the readers of the ADVERTISER, a merry Christmas.

Last Sunday, Webster Walker while on a visit to his brother Sewall in some way fractured his leg near the ankle. It is thought one of the bones is broken.

Lillie Morrill, who has been at work for Mrs. Fred Ordway, since last May, has now gone to her home in Albany for a vacation. She is a very smart girl to work.

J. H. Deering, who is stopping at W. A. Parwell's seems to be a handy man to have around. He is very ingenious and industrious and keeps busy fixing up and repairing wagons and sleighs and making repairs in the barn, etc.

Alton Smith, the clerk at the store of C. H. Cook, seems to be a good fellow for the position. He attends strictly to his business, appears to be perfectly honest, is very pleasant and accommodating to customers and is a good steady boy with good habits and is well liked.

HALE.

I. W. Mason returned from Boston, Friday.

About an inch of snow fell, last Friday night, in this place.

Mrs. Mary Flagg is working for Preston Knapp and father.

Engene Young, who has been on the sick list, the past week, is improving.

Mr. Flagg of Wilton visited his daughter, Mrs. Eugene Young, a few days last week.

Mrs. Al. Given called at Mrs. H. E. Young's and Mrs. A. H. Kenerson's, one day last week.

The Children's Corner.

Casco, Dec. 18th, 1897.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As I have not written for the Children's Corner for a long time I thought I would. My school began last Monday with Mr. Kemp, teacher. I like him very much. He has a pet cat, his name is Tiger, and I have got two sheep. As I cannot think of any more, will close with a riddle. There was a thing a full month old, when Adam was no more; but ere that thing was five weeks old, Adam was years five score. You little friend,

MAE G. BARTON.



She hastily donned slippers and gown.

When you make up your mind, I haven't a telephone myself, but the Joneses have, and they are very obliging about letting me use it."

So the fact that a telephone was owned by an obliging family circulated almost as rapidly as if it had been a lie.

There were times when Mrs. Jones hadn't the face to ask Susan to stop her work and carry these messages, so she carried them herself, trying to keep up her self respect by combining an errand of her own in the same direction. There were a few messages, however, which

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HANOVER.

J. C. Bacon has started for Florida where he will work in a large hotel.

Went some one start the whist parties and have a little excitement in the town?

Good crossing the river at this writing on the ice. All want to see some snow.

F. L. Howe butchered three large pigs, Saturday; the largest weighed 812 pounds.

G. A. Virgin has recently put all kinds of grain and flour into the ferry house to supply his help.

There will be a Christmas tree at the hall, Saturday night, gotten up by the club, Our Girls.

If you want to see a fine lot of goods for Christmas, just call at J. B. Roberts' house furnishing store.

O. S. Dyke was at home, last Friday night, to meet two sportsmen going to his camp on the lake road.

Salmagundi Party.

Last Saturday night, about twenty-five invited guests attended a salmagundi party at Henry Howe's house, where they were entertained in the most pleasing manner by H. N. Howe and wife, J. C. Bacon and wife, A. G. Howe and Etta Howe. First in order was choosing partners by dissected quotations, and at quarter past eight they were started on their games that were played. Progressively beginning with anagrams, progressing to fiddlede winks and dominoes, whist and cribbage. Those present at the party were: Charles Burdett and Alice Poor of Andover; Tom Penley and Frances Sweet and Harry Elliott and Katherine Elliott of North Rumford; G. C. Barker, E. E. Howe and wife, W. C. Holt and wife, H. A. Staples and wife, H. E. Dyer and wife, C. K. Barker and wife, G. L. Smith and Laura Smith, of Hanover. The first prize was presented to Charlie Burdett, a fine glass vase, won by 386 points.

"To the good to be beaten is no disgrace, But he who wins shall get the vase."

The booby prize was won by Laura Smith, who lost 401 points. She was presented with a miniature pack of cards and the advice, "Practice makes perfect, strive to be." After the prizes were awarded, cake, coffee and fruit were served to the entire party and Mrs. J. C. Bacon and Etta Howe furnished some fine selections of music, then the party bid every one good night, and went home saying "What a good time."

He Made a Mistake.

Mr. Smith was a wise man, very wise (in his own opinion) but he once made a little mistake, which was always a great source of humiliation to him and which caused his neighbors lots of sport. Now Mr. Smith was the owner of a nice cow and his neighbor, Mr. Jones, who lived near, owned a cow too and the two cows looked so much alike that it was difficult to distinguish them apart, unless one was quite familiar with the sight of them.

One sultry summer evening, Mr. Smith noticed that Mr. Jones was seated in his door-yard, and so he wandered over to have a social chat and smoke in the open air. While discussing the weather, etc., Mr. S. noticed a cow quietly feeding by and by and as he had not put his cow in the barn, he naturally jumped at the conclusion that it was his cow.

"Isn't this cow trespassing?" he inquired of Mr. J. as the animal drew nearer.

"Not at all," was the uncoincided reply.

The conversation was resumed and the cow kept feeding. Again Mr. Smith grew anxious and said, "I fear this cow is indeed trespassing. I'll see to her soon!"

"Oh, let her feed, she enjoys it," said Jones.

At last the twilight came and Smith thought it time to go home. He attempted to drive the cow but she knew where she belonged quite as well as Mr. Smith and refused to be driven. Round the yard and back again went the cow and Smith in hot pursuit, but in spite of his efforts she returned to Jones' yard.

"What has got into the tarnation critter? I never knew her to act so before. The devil is in her, I guess, now," exclaimed the exasperated Smith.

After Jones had enjoyed the fun awhile he asked Smith what he was trying to do with his (Jones) cow.

"Your cow! Great Caesar!! What a fool I am. I thought it was mine."

"I know you did and I thought I would let you enjoy the opinion," said Jones.

When S. arrived home he found his cow quietly resting in his yard, where some of the family had turned her but he never heard the last of the joke he had played on himself.

R. E. S.
East Stoneham, Me.

TRY GRAIN-O! TRY GRAIN-O!
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children can drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java and is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachic coffee without distress. 4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Origin of the Cattle Show.

In the autumn of 1807, Elkavah Watson, a native of Plymouth, Mass., and a direct descendant of Governor Edward Winslow, who in 1824 had brought to Plymouth, in the ship "Charity," three heifers and a bull, "the first neat cattle that came into New England," procured the first pair of Merino sheep which had been introduced into Berkshire County, and gave notice of an exhibition of his two sheep on the public square at Pittsfield. He wrote that "many farmers and even females were attracted to this first novel and humble exhibition." The interest excited by this exhibit led Mr. Watson to undertake a larger enterprise; and on the first of August, 1810, an announcement drawn up by himself and signed by twenty-six persons was published, appointing an exhibition of stock at the same place on the first of October. This "cattle show" was quite successful, and before many years the annual exhibition became a permanent and popular institution in Massachusetts. Mr. Watson's report of the exhibition of September, 1811, shows the picturesque elements which were thus early introduced into these rural festivals. There was "a procession of 60 oxen, drawing a plow held by the oldest man in the county; a band of music; the society, bearing appropriate ensigns, each member decorated with a badge of two heads of wheat in his hat, and the officers three heads secured by a green ribbon."

Other States soon caught the infection and cattle shows became popular in the rural districts of all New England, spreading in due time and extending their scope until the present agricultural fair was evolved.

CHRISTMAS

'Tis the week before Christmas, and all through the street
Is the noise and scamper of hurrying feet.
Old Santa is out and with a great many more
He calls on Miss Prince, in her large, new store.
As he opens the door, the first thing he spies
Is a fine jewel case, which of course he buys.
Then children's books, from three cents to a quarter,
Which are selling fast, as of course they ought to.

Passing by the ribbons, and hairpins, and such,
He looks in the show case at things he can't touch;
That's where they keep those handkerchiefs fine,
From three to six dollars will make one thine.
Paper knives, and penholders, and scissors, and rings,
Bells, brushes, pocketbooks and a host of such things.
Round the corner are silk-covered pillows of down
As fine as are found anywhere in the town.

A step farther on he sees at one glance
To fill his pack with handkerchiefs a very good chance;
From two cents to one hundred and fifty he knows
Buys one good enough, to use in the care of one's nose.
Just here he happens around sharp to turn,
What he sees is enough to make one's fingers burn—
A show-case full of silver! To get this is not hard
Since each piece is exchanged for an old punched card.

Behind this are the wrappers, Mrs. Ridlon's delight,
They will fit very smoothly if not too tight.
Then quilts, and the skirts, table linens so fine,
Good enough should the President with you dine.
But the cloaks at the lower end of the store
The prices have been marked low, lower and lower,
Till to-day to quote them makes them blush,
And they only do so in a business rush.

After looking these over, the aprons white,
Fill Old Kriss Kringle with pure delight,
For they are long, and wide, and fancy or plain,
Are all their own make, which is surely your gain.
The next thing that claims the caller's attention
Is the dress goods, and these he bids us mention
For he thinks there is not such a stock in town
With the styles so far up and the price so far down.

His call it is pleasant, his call it is long,
That is why you don't read here a prettier song.
But he bids me tell all, who to read it take time,
To call on Miss Prince if they've only a dime,
For in all Oxford County he's very sure
There are not better bargains on goods that endure.
They are glad to see him, they'll be glad to see you
From 8 a. m. to 9 p. m. all Christmas week through.

S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE

Written for the Advertiser.

The Tramp Evil.

Tramps are increasing in number, year by year. That needs no demonstration. It is as common knowledge to Oxford County as the fact that winter is apt to bring cold weather.

The members of the different Granges in Oxford County say that tramps are a source of danger to the women and children, and also to the buildings and live stock on the farms. They have asked that the law be rigorously enforced providing imprisonment and labor for tramps. To this end the County Commissioners contemplate establishing a stone-yard in connection with the county jail. They will give an all-day hearing, Friday of next week, at the court house, to get the sense of the county on the subject.

Leaving out the question of lawlessness by tramps, and considering the question from a purely financial standpoint we can see many reasons for favoring action of this kind. They are a great burden upon the people of this county. Probably less than ten per cent. of such expense is paid from town treasuries. The last town report of Norway gives the cost of caring for tramps during the year as \$123.15 at the lock-up and also in meals. Nearly 400 tramps at the town farm. Nearly 400 tramps slept in the town lock-up in a year's time. This year, there is every prospect that the totals of the invasion will be larger.

Four hundred lawless men tramping through our county in a year, demanding free support of our people, and endangering life and property. That is a heavier tax than a stone-yard would cause, and there are people who believe that a stone-yard might prove self-supporting.

SUNDAY RIVER.

School in No. 1 will close, this week. O. P. Littlehale is home for the holidays.

Mrs. Nathaniel Trask is on the sick list.

Andrew Jackson is sick with the mumps.

Ceylon Russell of Waterford is at Orrington York's.

Jerome Sanborn is driving a well for Orrington York.

Kirk Barker is at work for a short time for C. O. Moore.

Frank Williamson came home to see his father, last week.

H. W. Powers has taken a job, hauling spruce at Andover and will go as soon as he can.

R. M. Williamson has been suffering from an abscess on his arm but is much better at present writing.

Last Friday, Eric Stowe, son of L. S. Stowe, started for Bethel with three horses and a load of wood. On an icy place in the road the wagon slued over a steep bank, dragging horses, load and driver. The boy's arm was broken just above the wrist.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Young Wives and Old Pensioners.

The whole mighty host of male pensioners will rise up and howl down the proposition to discourage the infant industry of young women marrying old soldiers and sailors for the purpose of becoming their widows and drawing a pension from the government. No old man would be so foolish as to marry a young female fool who has never been married, except by actual experience, that a young female married him for anything but love.—Louisville Times.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

WEST LOVELL.

Mrs. Martha Elliott is away on a visit to her brother, who is very sick.

Mrs. G. W. Stearns of Rumford Falls has been visiting at his father's and other friends here.

Harriet Stearns, an insane man, aged about thirty years, died Saturday, Dec. 18th, at 9 a. m. He had been faithfully cared for by his father, Horatio Stearns as his mother died when he was quite young.

Eugene Durgin narrowly escaped drowning quite lately. He had been to the Center and had a bushel of meal, when on the thin ice he fell in. He threw his meal on the ice and was getting out himself when he broke in the second time. After getting out this time he took to the road and one of his neighbors carried his load but after his wetting he preferred to walk.

Hard Times Then and Now.

In these latter days people cry hard times and eat three good square meals a day with pie on the side, and pap cakes. To this end the County Commissioners contemplate establishing a stone-yard in connection with the county jail. They will give an all-day hearing, Friday of next week, at the court house, to get the sense of the county on the subject.

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CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The ANNUAL DISPLAY of HOLIDAY GOODS

... FOR 1897 AT ...

THE NOYES DRUG STORE,

Takes the lead in Oxford County this year. We can show you a more varied assortment of novelties than ever before.

Waste Baskets and Work Baskets of Indian make, Cutlery, Games, Toys, Sleds, Dolls, Doll Heads, Books, Fancy and Plain Box Stationery, Diaries, Almanacs, Calendars, Xmas Cards, Xmas, New Years and Birthday Gift Books, Music Holders, Wall-ets, Bill Books, Dressing Cases, Comb and Brush Cases, Pocket Toilet Cases, Cuff and Collar Boxes, Handkerchief, Glove, Necktie and Jewel Cases, Nut Pick Sets, Vases, Medallions, Fancy Mantel Ornaments, Albums in Leather, Plush and Celluloid, Perfumery, Toilet Water, Sachet Powders, Toilet Soaps, Complexion Lotions and Powders, Stage Powder and Cosmetics, Actor's Make-up Boxes, Match Safes, Ink Wells, Atomizers, &c., &c.

The above list is only a very incomplete enumeration of our extensive line. Don't think of buying your Holiday Gifts until you have looked us over. We are always pleased to show goods, and you can always find something in our stock that you cannot see elsewhere.

THE NOYES DRUG STORE.

them. A little help given with a great deal of courtesy goes a long way towards creating good-will.

7. Good goods. You can't afford to lose a customer. There is nothing absolutely nothing—that keeps customers coming back to your store.

8. Neat clerks. Your store has cost you a good deal; maybe you have advertised for customers. So, when a customer comes to your store, you can't afford to let her be turned away by ill-mannered or slovenly-dressed clerks.

9. Good manners. Courtesy to everybody, whether well-dressed or not, looks good. A store would never be stuck up and it never should be. Whoever comes into it should feel that she is welcome. Of course, your store is your own and you can act as you like in it. But if you do not make people comfortable and if they will go where they are made comfortable. You will lose their trade.

10. Frankness. Don't be afraid to give a suggestion to a customer for fear she may think you have an "ax to grind."

11. Help. Do your customers a good turn now and then, though it may cost you a little something. A cent spent in this way will very often bring a dollar to

possible and safe, let your customers understand that they may bring back what they don't like and get their money.

10. Windows. A man shows his character in his face, in his dress, in his face, in his dress, by what it says and by what it does.

Let your windows show what is going on in your store. Let them contain your latest and best.

Change your windows often—to keep the people interested and curious.

People pass your store every day and have no idea what good things you have in your store unless you show them. They think you are an average grocer, and yet how can you expect them to know it if you take no pains to tell them?

CANTON POINT.

C. M. Holland is on the sick list.

Lulu Packard is visiting friends at Hebron.

Flossie Harmon, who has been quite sick, is now gaining.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Ellis visited at their daughter's at East Dixfield, the past week.

Harriette Wing, who has been giving music lessons, has finished her work until spring.

The Canton Point Sunday school is to have a Christmas tree at Union Hall, Saturday evening, Dec. 25th.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Written for the Advertiser.

We'll Have that Change.

You want a change, And wider range, Anent our style of writing; We will obey, Nor say you nay, What is it you use in lighting?

Oh, sister dear, Your wrath we fear,— We pray you show us mercy; Our Muse is wild, As a fractious child, And we can't manage her,—

But do not fret,— If you won't let Just indignation seize you, We will not rest, But do our best, (Even though we fail) to please you.

You say we can't And also shan't Become a great big poet: We always thought That we could not, And now, of course, we know it.

But give us time To make a rhyme To please our scornful eye: Of subjects new We'll find a few, We'll do it, though we die!

And we will sing Most anything That isn't old and stale: Of all things nice, Like hops or clove, And strangled mice, And warty mice, Of peaches, beer and ale.

O'er graveyard ghoul, And half-baked fools, We'll wax enthusiastic; And poison, and And skinky cats—

Our genius is not why we don't write With all our might Of the blather, Or a Chinese, Or jaws that bite, Or blackbirds white, Or millstones light, An oyster fight.

These subjects all are out of The T. D. pipe, And henfruit ripe, And potted snuff, And pickled tripe, Frankfurters that your stomach Are good to write about; Of blithesome fleas, And lively chees, And dead pine trees, And frozen bees—

These subjects surely ought They'll suit you without doubt. We don't know much— There's many a— 'Tis shocking to relate; And very few Can write like you,— We cannot all be great.

Don't make a fuss, But pity us, Our little minds are plastic: The Muse may storm,— But we'll perform Poetic feats gymnastic.

Norway. FANNIE WHITMAN

BOLSTER'S MILL.

John Knight remains poorly.

Ida Hancock is visited by Miss Mayberry.

Rev. Mr. Perry was able church, Sunday.

George Greene has gone to attend State Grange.

Mrs. Lucretia Chute is visiting daughter, Mrs. Nellie Edwards.

Ireson Greene has been on street, lately, though very feeble.

Isa Richardson is stopping at Jane Brackett and attending school.

The Methodist people will have Christmas tree and exercises, evening.

Our school is under the instruction of Irving Parker, who is superintendent in Otisfield and a fine one understand.

CASCO.

Dana Hamlin is thought to be in.

Mrs. Sallie Burgess has returned from Otisfield.

The Syrian peddlers stayed at Barton's, Sunday.

Ethel Edwards was canvassing on the 18th.

Herbert Meserve and sister went to Dorchester, Mass., the 20th.

Lizzie Edwards called on Mrs. E. A. Barton, on the 17th.

Mrs. Abba Potter of Denma is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jacob Hall Edwards.

Jerry Brackett is suffering from cold, and in fact colds are the distemper in this vicinity.

The cold wave reached us on the 18th. It had been so long that we were wholly unprepared for it.

Mrs. Peter Wood and daughter of East Otisfield visited Mrs. E. A. Barton, on the 17th.

There will be a Christmas tree church at the village, also at the Webb's Mills, the evening of the 18th.

On Saturday, the 18th, the old daughter of James Gill has fortune to hurt her eye so that laid out on her cheek, but a was speedily called and the comfortable as could be expected.

NORTHWEST NORW.

Albion Shaw has been visiting Walter.

Harry Shaw sold a cow to O. Hill, and a heifer to Hartford M.

Owen Brooks drives a through the place, weekly, meat and groceries.

They are having very interesting at the Yaggers schoolhouse, evenings, once in two weeks.

We understand that Walter is of our most industrious and enterprising, went to Lewiston, with a load of poultry.

Hazen Morrison from Bridgeland, accompanied by Mr. was in this part of the town, in pine timber, one day, last week.

Annual Meeting of Ornithologists.

The second annual meeting of the United Ornithologists of Maine held in the rooms of the Portland of Natural History, Elm St.,

Business session for members, evening, Dec. 21st, at 7:30 o'clock. No Scientific session Saturday Jan. 1st, 1898, at 9 o'clock.

This session will be devoted to reading of papers and the discussion of matters relating to birds, and to be very interesting indeed.

of the leading ornithologists of having prepared papers for the Teachers, students and all interested birds and bird lore are invited present.

The following is a partial list of contributors with the title of their papers:—Hon. George A. Calais, "How I Became an Ornithologist." Prof. Asa L. Lane, "Birds on Our Maine Birds."

Mr. Wm. L. Gardner, "Ornithology in Our Schools." Capt. H. L. Spence, "Migration of Birds at Light."

Mrs. Wm. W. Knight, B. S., "Birds as Home Lovers."

The Maine Central grant read to those attending the meeting.

Written for the Advertiser.

We'll Have that Change.

You want a change,
And wider range
To our style of writing;
We will oblige you.
We say you may,
What is the use in fighting?
O, sister dear,
Your wrath we fear,
We pray you show us mercy;
Our duties are wide,
As a function child,
And we can't manage her,—see?
But do not fret,
If you won't let
Just indignation seize you,
We will not rest,
But do our best,
Even though we fail to please you.
You say we can't
And also sin't
Become a great big poet:
We always thought
That we could not,
And now, of course, we know it.
But give us time
To make a rhyme
To please your scornful eye:
We'll find a few,
We'll do it, though we die!
And we will sing
Most anything
That isn't old and stale:
Of all things nice,
Like hogs on ice,
And strangled mice,
And wormy ties,
Of pretzels, beer and ale.
O'er graveyard ghoul,
And half-baked soul,
We'll wax enthusiastic;
And poisoned rats,
And skunk cats,
Our genius is elastic.
Now why not write
With all our might
Of the blatherskite,
Or a Chinese kite,
Of laws that bite,
Of blackbirds white,
Of mistletoe light,
An oyster fight,
These subjects all are out of sight!
The T. D. pipe,
And henfruit ripe,
And ported snipe,
Frankfurters that your stomach gripe,
Are good to write about;
Of hideous fleas,
And lively cheese,
And dead pine trees,
And frozen peas,
These subjects surely ought to please,
They'll suit you without doubt.
We don't know much—
There's many such—
'Tis shocking to relate;
And very few
Can write like you.
We cannot all be great,
Don't make a fuss,
But pity us.
Our little minds are plastic:
The Muse may visit us,
But we'll perform
Tasteless gymnastics.
Norway. ELEANOR WILKINSON CROCKETT.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

John Knight remains poorly.
Ida Hancock is visited by her cousin, Miss Mayberry.
Rev. Mr. Perry was able to attend church, Sunday.
George Greene has gone to Augusta to attend State Grange.
Mrs. Lucetta Chute is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Edwards.
Ireson Greene has been out on the street lately, though very feeble.
Isa Richardson is stopping with Mrs. Jane Brackett and attending school.
The Methodist people will have a Christmas tree and exercises, Saturday evening.
Our school is under the instruction of Irving Parker, who is supervisor of schools in Otisfield and a fine teacher, we understand.

CASCO.

Dana Hamlin is thought to be improving.
Mrs. Sallie Burgess has returned home from Otisfield.
The Syrian peddlers stayed at E. A. Barton's, Sunday.
Ethel Edwards was canvassing for soap, on the 18th.
Herbert Messer and sister Ella went to Dorchester, Mass., the 20.
Lizzie Edwards called on her friend, Mrs. E. A. Barton, on the 17th.
Mrs. Abba Potter of Denmark is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jacob Morrill, at Hall Edwards'.
Jerry Brackett is suffering from a bad cold, and in fact colds are the prevailing distemper in this vicinity.
The cold wave reached us on the 18th. It had been so warm that we were wholly unprepared for it.
Mrs. Peter Wood and daughter Georgia of East Otisfield visited her sister, Mrs. E. A. Barton, on the 17th.
There will be a Christmas tree at the church at the village, also at the hall at Webb's Mills, the evening of the 25.
On Saturday, the 18th, the little 4-year old daughter of James Gill had the misfortune to hurt her eye so that the eye laid out on her cheek, but a physician was speedily called and the child is as comfortable as could be expected.

NORTHWEST NORWAY.

Alton Buck has been visiting his son Walter.
Harry Shaw sold a cow to Oliver Merrill, and a heifer to Hartford McAllister.
Owen Brooks drives a nice team through the place, weekly, selling fish, meat and groceries.
They are having very interesting lectures at the Yaggers schoolhouse, Tuesday evenings, once in two weeks.
We understand that Walter Buck, one of our most industrious and enterprising farmers, went to Lewiston, Monday, with a load of apples.
Hazen Morrison from Bridgton Highlands, accompanied by Mr. Whitney, was in this part of the town, looking at pine timber, one day, last week.
Annual Meeting of Ornithologists of Maine.
The second annual meeting of the United Ornithologists of Maine will be held in the rooms of the Portland Society of Natural History, Elm St., Portland. Business session for members, Friday evening, Dec. 31st, at 7.30 o'clock. Public Scientific session, Saturday morning, Jan. 1st, 1898, at 9 o'clock.
This session will be devoted to the reading of papers and the discussion of matters relating to birds, and promises to be very interesting indeed, a number of the leading ornithologists of the State having prepared papers for the occasion. Teachers, students and all interested in birds and bird lore are invited to be present.
The following is a partial list of the contributors with the title of their themes:—Hon. George A. Boardman, "How I Became an Ornithologist"; Prof. Asa L. Kane, Waterville, "Talk on Our Maine Birds"; James C. Mead, North Bridgton, "Loons on Our Maine Waters"; Prin. Wm. L. Powers, Gardiner, "Ornithology in Our Public Schools"; Capt. H. L. Spiny, Seguin Island, "Migration of Birds at Seguin Light"; Ora W. Knight, B. S., Bangor, "Birds as Home Lovers".
The Maine Central grant reduced rates to those attending the meeting.

RUMFORD CENTRE.

If it was as cold in Alaska, last Sunday night, as it was facing the wind from Rumford Center to Red Hill, there are a good many stiff in the Klondike.
The river at this place has been frozen over five weeks, and there has been but five days crossing with teams. At the last town meeting the people will be asked to place the proposed new bridge five miles farther up the river.
This is Christmas week, and with all its joys and blessings, its reunions and happy family gatherings, it is the day and week that brings more sadness and sorrow to human hearts than all other days of the year. If a man or woman, snugly wrapped in silks and furs can stand upon the shopping streets of one of our great cities and watch the hundreds of ragged, shivering children looking into the shop windows and see them turn or pulled away with aching hearts, and know that the cheapest toy is as far from their means as it is for him or her to reach to Heaven and pull down a blessing without asking for it—when a man or woman can watch all these things and hundreds of sadder sights and turn from them smiling to their pleasant homes—these people, if they have no bodily aches or pains, are molded out of the right kind of mud to take comfort, and they never need to worry about shivering with cold in the hereafter.
Reading in regard to the Rumford Center Grange suggested the thought that we are not so near the center of the town as we were before the annex, but the Center is just as near the hearts of many as it ever was. In our cemetery, sweetly mingling dust with dust, we think of those whom the earth's circumference would not move one fraction from us. Men and women can run from a deluge, flee from a scourge or famine, but if they stop on the side of the great divide they will find that same old nature, that same conscience with them. If it were possible for mankind to fly from them, I am afraid there would be more Wandring Jews than now, but not from this town. We have an honest, industrious and conscientious class of people, and one of the most prosperous growing Granges in the county. Of all the Grangers the Lodge has made, it has only been found necessary to turn down two applicants, and when it is known that one of them now holds a town and state office and is enjoying a good degree of prosperity, and the other was helped to victory in a recent contest by every state in the Union, all will see that to be a Granger in Rumford means something nice.

Woman's Column.

Cranberry Pie.—One cup of cranberries, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of sugar, one-half cup hot water. Stir one tablespoon of flour wet in a little cold water into the hot water, a little salt, then add cranberries, sugar and raisins. —Mary A. Stone.
Dr. George M. Sternberg, Surgeon General of the United States Army, will have an article in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly for January on the Causes and Distribution of Infectious Diseases. The subject will be treated in a historical way, and will include a brief outline of the more serious epidemics of the past one hundred years.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

PROFESSOR BUMBO JONES LECTURES ON "WHY AM I DIS THUS?"

It Was a Great Lecture and Something Dropped and Brother Gardner Even Hinted That They Had Gotten Hold of the Wrong Man.

When the sound of the triangle had called the meeting to order, Brother Gardner arose and said that Professor Bumbo Jones, the colored Henry Clay of the south, was waiting to deliver a lecture before the club on "Why Am I Dis Thus?" There was no telling how it would pan out, but he thought the club might chance it, and therefore ordered the reception committee to show the gentleman in. Samuel Shin, who has had a cold in the head for the last 11 years, was relegated to the back seats, and the hall had just grown quiet when the Clayful lecturer was introduced in one time and three motions. Like all great philosophers, his shoes were down at the heel, his elbows frayed, his knees out of true, and his general appearance approved a carelessness on his part as to whether he got up right end first or not in the morning. He was received with enthusiastic applause, during which Deacon Baker managed to give Elder Toole a vigorous kick and lay it to accident. As he bowed his applause two buttons were heard to strike the wall behind him, and his collar made a determined effort to rise above his ears.
"My fr'en's," began the honorable in a voice rich with anticipation of the coming chicken season, "we go to bed at night. If we hev no company, we go to bed 'long 'bout half past 9 o'clock. If we hev a 'soiree on hand, it may be two hours later. If I ax you what you go to bed fur, you reply dat it is because nature intended you to. Yes, but why nature? You can't tell. You tumble into bed on a lay dar on your backs and enzoze an dream of de lucky numbers in policy, an when mawnin comes you fall out on a kick de dog an jaw de chillen an wish you was rich an didn't hev to go to work. [Yells of applause.] Nature meant dat you should lie down in sleep to give de body a rest, to let all de muscles relax, de nerves grow quiet, de brain cease its tremendous efforts fur awhile. My world renowned tonic, which kin be had in de anteroom after dis moonin adjournment at 2 bits a bottle, obery bottle warranted to hold half a pint, will bring about dis happy result. No cure, no pay."
The orator paused here to imbibe a glass of water, and a puzzled look crept into Brother Gardner's face. He was observed to make a signal to Givedam Jones, and that individual nodded, as if he understood it.
"We hev de backache, de colic, pains in de chest, fits of melancholy, bad dreams, sudden desire to jump off de tower of de city hall. We hev sich things, an we nebbor stop to inqur de reason. We get right 'long sufferin' layin our sad condishun to Jay Gould, Vanderbilts an Standard Oil company an nebbor

supposin dar is a sartin an cheap cure right at hand. [Sensation.] My fr'en's, I has de proud satisfaction to tell you dat I am de inventor, proprietor an sole agent on dis globe fur de 'Wellington Cholera Preventative, an Lightning Cholera Remover,' an arter dis moonin is over my remedy kin be had by any of de gemen present at de usual price of 2 bits a box, warranted 'purely vegetable or money refunded.' [High old applause.]

As the speaker stopped to take another pint of water, there was a broad grin on almost every face, and this was increased by the uneasy movements of Brother Gardner. It was plain to be seen that he had been taken in and done for again and that he was arranging some sort of programme with Givedam Jones, who has long held the position of Bogardus klacker to the club.

"My fr'en's," pathetically continued the honorable, after the water had been put away behind his nanken vest, "you is walkin along de street, an am suddenly taken wid a crick in de back, an can't go on down to de bank an draw out \$50. You sit up in de mawnin feelin slumpy. You don't keer 2 cents whether you hev quail on toast or turkey on sweet cake for breakfast. You wake up in de night wid a cole sweat startin out, a violent beatin of de heart, an a fear in your soul dat a band of anarchists is hidden under de bed to take your life. On sartin occasions you sot down wid a piece of chalk an a string to figger up how much a year it will cost you to rent 40 post-office boxes at 44 each. You is stuck. De figgers dem away from you. Your eyes blur an you jump up in alarm if de dog howls in de back yard. You go right along 'jist de same, however, nebbor stoppin to inqur into de natural causes, an de fust thing you know your friends am gathered around your bedstead to see you expire. [Deided sensation all over the hall.] My fr'en's, it gives me de utmost pleasure to be able to inform you on dis auriferous occasion dat I am de sole owner of what is called 'De Wellington Cure All Plaster,' which I warrant to be composed of 18 different roots an de best Norf Carolina tar. Dese plasters sell at 20 cents each, or six for a dollar, and de president of dis United States had one on de small of his back when he entered de White House fur de fust time. Arter dis meetin is ambushed I shall be mous' happy to see you all in de anteroom, an I—"

At this point Givedam Jones interrupted the speaker to say that a man wanted to see him outside on very important business.

"Exactly," replied the honorable. "My fr'en's, I will retial for a moment an ascertain his business. My address is only half concluded."

He retired in good order, smiling and bowing as he passed down the aisle, but he never came back. Two minutes later his voice was heard saying:

"Boy, be keeful whar you put dat fut of yours. I don't 'low nobody to foul wid me."

And a little later:

"I nebbor skipped a town yit, an I won't begin now."

Then Paradise hall jarred and vibrated, and the plaster fell in spots, and the stove door swung wide open. Something bumped on the stairs and fell "ker-squash" into the alley, followed by a racket as if a dray horse was galloping for his life. In three or four minutes Givedam Jones returned, the right leg of his trousers split to the knee and his breath coming hard, and as he sat down Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My fr'en's, de difference between a philosopher an a fakir is sometimes so powerful fine dat de best of men are deceived. It's my opinion dat we got hold of de wrong animal, but dere's no great harm dun. I reckon he won't bodder us no more, an perhaps he has left us a few grains of wheat among de chaff. We will now annunciate homebards."

American Valets.

There is a new order of things among the gilded youth of today, and the valet is in demand. This demand has led to the establishment in Boston of a finishing academy for gentlemen's servants. Here the gentleman's gentleman learns all that is necessary for him to know. The first thing that is done to a matriculate is to cut his hair in the approved English fashion and make him clean shaven, or at least reduce his hair appendages to a modest "mutton chop" just forward of his ears. He is then put in livery and made to speak only in an l-less English dialect. The various courses of instruction include training in all the branches of mental work, and when a pupil is sent into the world he is given by way of a certificate of proficiency in his particular course. One of the features of the course is the daily practice in immobility, which consists in standing for half an hour a day between two upright bars so regulated that they touch the man's toes and breast bone in front and his patballs, shoulder blades and hat rim at the back. This gives the requisite wooden rigidity and is practiced by all pupils. Those whose physiques are lacking or too luxurious are reduced to the proper form by vigorous exercise. —Boston Letter.

A Lamp In His Pocket.

Not very many men carry lamps in their pockets, but there is at least one man who does, and that is the lamp-lighter on the elevated road. It is an alcohol lamp, like a section of brass cylinder, five or six inches long and an inch through, and with a slender tube two or three inches long, holding the wick, projecting at one end. The lamp-lighter comes in at the front door of the car with his lamp lighted. With a rapid ease acquired by experience, he lights the six lamps, seeming almost not to pause in his progress through the car. If he is in the last car of the train, as he pulls down the chimney over the last lamp he has lighted and turns toward the rear door he blows out his own lamp and drops it in his pocket. His hands are now free. He throws back the door, walks out, upon the platform, opens the gate and steps off upon the station platform or down upon the other side, ready to board the next train. A touch of a switch will light the alcohol lamp. —New York Sun.

In the United States there are 178,000 churches and 24,000,000 church members—an average membership of about 135 for each church.

The Argus is responsible for the following:—"The cause of the remarkable change in Maine's winter climate has at last been found. It was discovered by a fellow townsman of Uncle Joe Holden of Otisfield. He contends that the shipment of so much granite from the State is changing the course of the earth in its revolutions, thus bringing Maine into a milder atmosphere. This solution is fraught with phenomenal possibilities. The superiority of Maine granite for building purposes is now generally known, and the demand for it is on the increase. Consequently the tipping process will not only continue, but become more and more marked and within a few years we will be shipping cotton, sugar, oranges, etc., to the South and be forced to go there for our ice supply."

EASTERN ARGUS.

1803-1898.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

For nearly a century and from the time of Thomas Jefferson the Eastern Argus has maintained its position as the leading Democratic paper of Maine and the unwavering exponent of Jeffersonian principles. Today "the old Argus" is a familiar name throughout Maine which expresses the popular recognition and appreciation of its standing.
Old in years the Argus has improved with age and is more vigorous to-day than it ever was. Its columns will be enlivened with special correspondence and the many attractive features that have helped to establish and extend its reputation; but its chief aim will be to give all the news. The mechanical facilities of the Argus Office for producing a first-class paper were never so perfect as they are to-day, and embrace the latest improvements, including a complete outfit for artistic illustration by the Argus' own artist. In short, no pains or expense will be spared the coming year to maintain the standing of the Argus in the front rank of New England newspapers.

WEEKLY ARGUS.

The Weekly Argus will keep up its old-time reputation as a family newspaper, covering the news of the State and giving careful attention to its markets and city news reports. Subscribers to the Weekly Argus are entitled to the Saturday edition of the Daily Argus, and practically makes the Weekly a Semi-Weekly and gives the subscribers a large volume of news for a small amount of money.

TERMS.

The Daily Argus is sent for 50 cents per month or \$5.00 per year in advance, and \$7.00 at the end of the year, free of postage.
The Weekly Argus, INCLUDING THE SATURDAY EDITION, is sent at these rates:—One copy, one year, free of postage, \$1.50 in advance or \$2.00 at the end of the year. Clubs of 10, free of postage, \$10.00 in advance.

JOHN M. ADAMS & CO., Publish'rs,
99 Exchange Street,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

5 and 10 Cent
China and Glass
Counters.
HOBBS' VARIETY STORE.

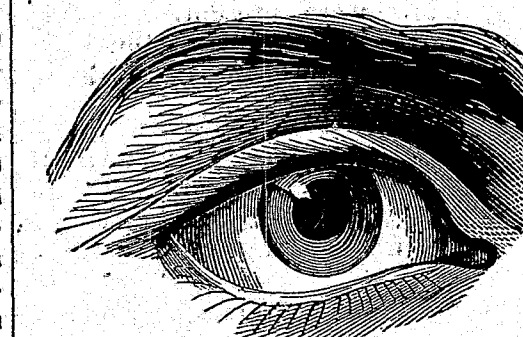
Great Slaughter

in prices at the

Smith & Flood
Shoe Store.

One thousand Pair of Leather Goods to be sold at less than Jobbers' prices.

136 Main Street.



Samuel Richards,
Optician,
South Paris, Me.

"I FIT CLASSES as well and as cheap as any other Optician in the State of Maine."
This I will prove to you on application at my office.

No. 6 Pleasant Street.

Cents' Furnishings

make the nicest of Christmas presents, and my store contains lots of them.

NECKTIES.

I have several thousands of them in all styles, colors, quality and price, and in such an array you can surely find what you want.

CLOVES

for all purposes and occasions, in equally fine display.

Hats, Caps, Furs.

Lots of things that are warm and also look nice.

Arm Elastic.

I have some beauties that will please you if you want any.

Slippers, Shoes

and all other varieties of footwear in abundance.

Premiums for Yourself

are nice to get, while buying presents for others. Get a card and let us punch out the amount of your purchase. You will gain lots by it.

J. F. PLUMMER,

Market Square, South Paris.

Christmas Gifts that are Useful and Ornamental.

Ladies' Work Baskets from 25c. to \$3.50
" Handkerchief Baskets " 25c. to 1.00
" Kid Glove " " 50c. to 1.00
" Jewel " " at 25c.
Waste Baskets for the house or office at 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 2.00
Soiled Clothes Hampers from \$1.00 to 3.00

MERRITT WELCH'S, Norway, Maine.

Christmas Sale!

A large variety of useful Holiday Gifts in all our Departments.

Special Values in

Blankets, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Gloves, Napkins, Towels, Crockery, Glassware, China, Carpets, Rugs, Matts, Art Squares, Hosses, Sweepers, Etc.

N. DAYTON BOLSTER & CO.,

South Paris, Maine.

We shall be prepared to supply the Holiday trade with

Upholstered Furniture!

Fancy Rockers, Chamber Suits, Dining and Kitchen Furniture.

We have a large line of

MIRRORS

in the latest novelties of frames.

Framed Pictures,

Consisting of Photograph Studies from Life and Art Studies.

A variety in Couches, Lounges, and Chiffoniers.

C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS.

FOOTWEAR!

We wish to call attention to our complete stock of all goods generally found in a first-class Shoe Store. Also to our line of

Trunks, Bags and Extension Cases.

We extend our thanks to the people of Oxford County and vicinity for their liberal patronage during the seven years since SMILEY SHOE STORE has been doing business.

We have worked hard to please our patrons. Have always made it a point to have ONE PRICE FOR ALL—that the lowest possible—and pay your money back if you wish it.

We have been prosperous, and to-day have a nice business, a good, clean stock of goods, equal to most of the city stores in the State.

This store is owned by the largest wholesale house in Maine. We give you city goods at country prices, and always have all the new things in our line.

It is impossible for us to enumerate the goods we have in stock, but you will find in our store a full line of

Ladies', Misses', Children's, Men's, Boys' and Youths'

Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Rubbers,

Overshoes, Leggings and Gaiters,

All styles, and prices. We have an elegant line of SLIPPERS and OXFORDS for Christmas.

SPECIAL NOTICE!

We have the new game of PARLOR FOOT-BALL, and will give free, ONE IN A FAMILY, to parties purchasing goods to the amount of 50c. and upward. Our store is open mornings at 9.30, and through the noon hour.

Christmas week, we shall be open for business every evening.

Come in and we will try to please you in any of our lines of goods.

Yours truly,

SMILEY SHOE STORE,

E. N. SWETT, Manager,
127 MAIN STREET, NORWAY, ME.

GOODS

E,

you a more

6.

Toys, Sleds,

s, Calendars,

Walleys, Bill

and Collar

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N POINT.

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who has been quite

Ellis visited at the

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nt Sunday school is

tree at Union Hall,

Dec. 25th.

ORIA

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Royal makes the food pure,
wholesome and delicious.



Wedding Reception.

On Friday evening, Dec. 17, the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bonney of East Sumner met at their home and a very enjoyable evening was passed. Mr. and Mrs. Bonney are young people and are much respected by all as the many and valuable gifts which they have received will show. Many were present from Mrs. Bonney's former home, North Buckfield. The evening was spent in social games and music—the most enjoyable feature of the evening however, especially to the younger portion of the company, was the liberal treat provided by the host consisting of candy, peanuts, corn balls and apples. Many who are not as young as they used to be enjoyed this part of the program also, and the candy eating contest between youths of 20, 45 and 50 created no end of sport. The name of the winner in this contest is not given, but from our observation it would seem that it ended in a draw—as at last accounts they were still drawing candy from the plate.

The happiest person present, we believe, was Mr. Bonney's father, C. B. Bonney, who is a man weighing 250 lbs. and who is never so happy as when he is among young people, and much of the evening's enjoyment was due to his efforts.

At a late hour the company withdrew wishing the young people many years of prosperity and the blessings of health and happiness.

UPTON.

Mrs. Bennett Morse is ill with a sore throat.

Eli Stearns was in town, not long since, buying cattle.

Frank Champion is helping Oscar Morse cut cord wood.

Lumen and Will Sargent have been up the lake, for a few days.

Surprise parties are quite plenty around town, these days.

Werton Sargent has been up at Middle Dam at Mr. Allen's, for a short time.

There are two weeks vacation during the holidays, at the Mills schoolhouse.

James Bernier has his engine in place, and his factory piped so as to heat it by steam. We hear the whistle of his engine, every day.

S. E. Morse, who has been confined to the house with rheumatism, has recovered, as we see him out riding frequently, seated behind his little pace, which, by the way, can strike and keep a pace that tells.

At the last sociable, Dec. 13, Mrs. H. F. West was elected president, and Rose E. Whitney vice president. These ladies, more especially Mrs. West, have always taken a prominent part in the work of the society. She has several times served in the capacity of president, and is much liked by all.

How often we hear the adage, "The early bird catches the worm." It was illustrated, one day, recently, by True Durkee. He went out hunting, shot his deer, and while on his homeward way met many brave hunters on their way into the woods. None of them met with success that we have heard from.

DENMARK.

Mrs. J. W. Colby, who has been very sick, is some better.

Horace Murch of Baldwin visited his uncle, C. B. Smith, the 15th.

Royal Leman has returned from Boston to spend the winter here.

Our townsmen, John Roberts, Arthur Richardson and C. L. Smith came home, Monday.

S. D. McKusick and son Willard took a trip to Portland and return on the cars, Saturday.

Mrs. Joseph Colby was taken suddenly and seriously ill with pleurisy, last week. She is still badly off.

Sumner H. Smith has a very nice pair of matched year old Hereford steers that seem to take the lead.

Our high school and village primary commenced the second term, Monday, with some additional scholars.

Geo. Orcutt and Albert Walker are cutting birch for James Head on his strip on the east shore of Sand pond.

Roscoe Smith and wife of Cornish were in town over Sunday, visiting at Will Allen's and attended church here.

There will be a Christmas festival at the church, Friday evening. Arrangements are being made for a good social time.

Mark Coolbroth was in town, the 15th, looking after timber, and there are several who will log, this winter. They are yarding, at present.

Maud Seavey, who is living at A. H. Witham's, has been sick for a few days with bilious attack but is better but not feeling fit to attend school at present.

The circle met at the parsonage with Mrs. C. F. Sargent, Thursday evening, the 16th. Nearly 100 present. A chicken pie supper was served and we need not say a good time was enjoyed.

The young ladies of this place decided that they would have a circle of their own, and show the older people what they could do. The day was set the 15th and lot the rain fell in torrents, and circle stock fell also, but a few plucky ones met, had a good time and a motion picture to adjourn the meeting till the next night, which proved lovely weather, and the Rev. C. F. Sargent and wife in behalf of the young ladies welcomed to their pleasant home the young, the old, the gay the staid, likewise the gallant beau and winning maid, to the number of ninety. A chicken supper with salads, nice pastry, etc., made a tempting and appetizing display, while these girls were on deck till until the last sail was furled, and it was announced that the girls' circle was the circle of 1897.

FRYEBURG.

Mrs. J. L. Eastman spent last week at Cold river.

The winter term of the Academy opens, next week. 12th.

Eda and Eva Bickford have been visiting relatives in Stow.

Mr. and Mrs. David Chandler attended the State Grange at Augusta.

Whitman Cook has been work in his mill and is manufacturing chisel handles.

Susan Wiley of Farmington Normal School is home for the Christmas holidays.

Mrs. William Osgood died, last week, at the home of her daughter in Beverly, Mass.

Miss H. C. Osgood has accepted a position as matron in the Industrial School at Hallowell.

James Tarbox and James Eastman are going to Portland to attend Gray's Business College.

J. R. Bickford was called to Haverhill, Mass., last week, by the death of his sister's husband.

The Christmas trees will be held at the New Church, Friday evening, Dec. 24th, and at the Congregational church, the 25th.

Mrs. N. Charles is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Eastman.

Emma Hill is teaching at No. 1 and Fred Swallow at No. 2.

Mrs. E. W. Burbank and son Henry leave for Dakota, next week, to the home of Mrs. B's brother.

Robert W. Locklin, who died at the Centre, Dec. 3, was insured in the United Order of Pilgrim Fathers for \$2,000.

Mrs. Mary Wentworth met with a bad fall at the corner of Main and Oxford streets, last Wednesday evening, owing to the darkness.

LOVELL.

Our blacksmiths are busy and are reaping a good harvest.

C. H. Davis has a crew of men at work trimming pines on his lot in Sweden.

They have been sawing out some oak for wheels at our mill, the past week.

J. E. Emery will cut fifty M. of pine on his home lot, sold to down river parties.

Rev. C. L. Baker of the Christian church will close his labors here, next Sunday, the 26th inst. He has bought a farm in Massachusetts and will move there.

C. D. Chandler and F. C. Davis will cut and haul a lot of pine timber for A. G. Walker, this winter, on the Shaker Hill road and will land it on the bank of the Saco in Fryeburg.

Mrs. Etta and Cora Kimball entertained the C. E. Circle at Fox's Hall, Dec. 16th. A fine supper was served to over one hundred people, after which the young people presented the farce, "That's the Cat," in a fine manner. Some fine music was furnished by Lloyd Poor and Cora Kimball. A good time was enjoyed by all.

WELCHVILLE.

A. L. Chaplin has gone into camp. Louisa Holmes was in Lewiston, one day last week.

J. F. Fuller and son Edward are to work for Mr. Chaplin in the woods.

Mrs. G. A. Lane fell, one day last week, and fractured two of her ribs.

Marjorie Holmes of Portland is spending her ten days' vacation at J. F. Fuller's.

Western Land Conveyances. Eekley Ballard, Register.

PORTER.—H. C. French to Charles French, \$400; E. L. Towle et al. to G. I. Philbrick et al., 300; L. P. Stacy to Fred S. Mason, 175.

FRYEBURG.—H. H. Wiley to E. W. Chandler, \$1; C. E. Post et al. to Wm. B. Post, 1; S. Charles to W. Charles, 2,000; M. E. Walker to W. Charles, 1.

SWENDEX.—Chas. E. Smart to Noah D. Smart et al., \$1; J. W. Chase to D. T. Adams et al., 300; Geo. W. Newcomb et al. to C. B. Cummings et al., 1.

DENMARK.—Nettie E. Gray to D. J. Ward, \$1; A. Ingalls to J. A. Head et al., 30.

HYRAM.—D. L. & J. A. Durgin to L. J. Stanley, \$500; S. H. Fessenden to W. C. Bean, 857; Q. W. Adams et al. to E. L. Towle et al., 1; John Pierce to M. L. Wilder, 800; J. D. Wilder to M. L. Wilder, 500; M. D. Wilder to John Pierce, 1000.

STONEHAM.—S. C. McAllister et al. to Hilton McAllister, \$20; Wm. H. Hobbs to E. S. Bartlett, 1200.

LEWIS.—Julia H. Gray et al. to Mary Lewis, \$400; C. N. Eastman to J. H. Walker, 1; Geo. H. Sands to J. H. Kimball, 500; J. G. Hamblen to Geo. A. Kimball, 1; F. Andrews to Geo. A. Kimball, 500; G. H. Eastman to F. Andrews, 300; A. Heald to F. Andrews, 900.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Edith Watson has returned from Beth-el.

There is to be a New Year's ball at Grange Hall. We all hope there will be a large attendance.

Mrs. Albert Stanwood and daughter have gone to Massachusetts to spend the winter. Her daughter contemplates going to her sister's in Wisconsin.

Bear Mountain Grange held an all day meeting, Saturday, Dec. 18, and elected officers as follows:

Master, W. K. Hamlin. Overseer, G. S. Hamlin. Lect., Emma Everett. Chap., Mrs. F. Haggood. Seward, W. H. Haynes. Asst. Secy., M. M. Monroe. G. K. K. Evans. Ceres, Mrs. W. K. Hamlin. Pomona, Mrs. Muller. Flora, Mrs. Geo. Ward. L. A. S., Mrs. M. Monroe. Chorister, Frank Shaw. Organist, Annie G. Abertson.

EAST WATERFORD.

Fred Kilgore is on the road with his meat cart.

Dogs have lately been making sad havoc among the sheep.

Stanley Hall has sold his interest in the old McCall farm to his sister Lizzie.

P. N. Haskell & Son are repairing the saw mill preparatory to a winter's job.

Wm. A. Emery, Jr., is finishing repairs on his buildings and will occupy them soon as show comes.

WATERFORD.

Hiram Bisbee, an inmate of the Alms House, is quite poorly.

Special meeting of Keoka Chapter, O. E. S., Friday evening.

Dr. Packard had the misfortune to sprain one of his ankles quite badly, last week. He is "on the turf" now but quite lame.

Lew Millett had the misfortune to lose a hog, last week. I understand the neighbors are getting up a collection to buy him another.

The friends of George L. Warren will be interested to know that at recent sales he has made quite large additions to his already extensive assortment of bric-a-brac.

The Congregational circle was entertained, last week, by Mrs. A. B. Wilkins. Notwithstanding a rainy night a good lot were out and were highly pleased by the happy accompaniment by Rex Rounds, reading by Myrtle Kneeland and piano selections by May Rounds, a very enjoyable time altogether.

One of our "kids" in the village got off a squib, the other day, that I guess will answer to print. She was making herself rather numerous when her aunt, who has made quite large additions to his already extensive assortment of bric-a-brac.

There is quite a curious circumstance connected with our lake, this winter. It is frozen from six to eight inches except a small place near the center which remains open water. The same thing happened many years ago. It seems as though there must be powerful springs which have taken a new lease of life.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

Charlie Noyes has gone to firing on the G. T. R. R.

F. A. Perkins of South Andover is spending a few days at G. L. Whitman's.

Geo. Wilson's team containing Mrs. Wilson, their son Clifton, a little sister, and her sister, Rose Whitman, got smashed up, Wednesday, resulting in Clifton getting a gash out in his head requiring several stitches to close up and the ladies receiving serious shocks to the nervous system. Tuesday p. m., the horse ran away throwing out Mr. Wilson and injuring his head. His son Percy had an exciting ride on three wheels for about a quarter of a mile, when upon reaching a hill he slowed up enabling him to jump out, but the horse kept on home the evening. This business was the property of G. L. Whitman, his father-in-law, and was of the beach pattern, thus both families are now destitute of a carriage. There was another team containing school children that managed to get out of the way.

OXFORD.

A Lodge of the Knights of Pythias will be instituted in this place, in the near future. The Lodge will have three ranks of Page, Esquire and Knight will be Hamlin of South Paris, St. Elmo of Mechanic Falls and Pennessewassee of Norway.

ALDEN HILL.—John Bowser is at work for Grant Abbott, this week.

John P. Lamb is cutting wood for B. H. Bonney.

Fred L. Vining, who has been stopping with his grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Davis, has gone to spend the winter with his mother in Haverhill, Mass.

Nathan Fogg visited friends here, Saturday. He spent Saturday night with John E. Odway. He is 85 years old and he walked two miles, one day last week.

NORTHWEST ALBANY.

Sweet Christmas is almost here. The happiest day of all the year.

Philbrick et al., 300; L. P. Stacy to Fred S. Mason, 175.

FRYEBURG.—H. H. Wiley to E. W. Chandler, \$1; C. E. Post et al. to Wm. B. Post, 1; S. Charles to W. Charles, 2,000; M. E. Walker to W. Charles, 1.

SWENDEX.—Chas. E. Smart to Noah D. Smart et al., \$1; J. W. Chase to D. T. Adams et al., 300; Geo. W. Newcomb et al. to C. B. Cummings et al., 1.

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HARRISON.

A. F. Davis bought a nice cow, a few days ago, of Jason Scribner.

William Annis has traded horses with Charles Skillings and got a heavier one for work.

Eugene Hanson and mother have gone to Fryeburg to visit her daughter, who is very sick.

There is quite a call for cows about town and quite a number have changed hands lately.

Rough roads and business dull is the cry from all quarters and most every one is waiting for snow.

It is a very good time to cut bushes and scrub up the fields and quite a number are improving the opportunity.

Mrs. William Clute of Gorham, formerly of Harrison, died quite suddenly, last week. She was brought to Naples and buried beside her husband.

Benjamin Stuart is much better than he has been for a number of months and is able to do quite a little work. He has been in poor health for a long while.

Mrs. S. P. Stuart and daughter Maude visited at Geo. Haskell's, last week. Mrs. Stuart expects to spend the winter with her daughter, who lives in Medford.

Aunt Phebe Haskell, who has been seriously ill, is much better and is gaining slowly. She will be ninety years old if she lives till her next birthday. She is loved by all who know her.

SUMNER HILL.

F. L. Barrett went to West Paris, Tuesday.

A. T. Hollis and wife went to Norway, Thursday.

Little Virgil Barrett has been quite sick with a cold.

Grace Johnson has been visiting at Mrs. Davenport's.

Olive Heald has gone to Boston to spend the winter.

Sadie Heald is at work for Mrs. Nettie Stetson of Hartford.

Mrs. Reed of Hartford is staying with Mrs. Moses Spaulding.

S. G. Barrett and family spend Thursday at North Buckfield.

Our school has been keeping two weeks, Alice Davenport, teacher.

Lena Sewall is at Farmington teaching, Fannie Sewall in Stetson district.

Patronize Your Own.

People generally are not aware of the calls made upon merchants in a town like this, for money for various causes and objects. If a man with moderate means loses a horse or a cow or meets with misfortune beyond the usual course of events, some friends start a subscription paper and after getting a few names of other, and usually inclined people make a systematic canvass of the active business men on the street, particularly the traders.

If a man or woman in this or a neighboring town loses his house or barn by fire and has neglected to keep up the insurance, this same process is exploited in his or her behalf and traders as a rule respond to these calls, however close they may have to figure and economize to do it. They are also freely called upon to buy tickets for entertainments to raise funds in aid of the various causes, buy books they do not want at enormous prices, help along entertainments and societies by purchasing space in advertising sheets and special papers, help along church and social fairs by contributing merchandise, and respond to various other calls.

This is all right to a reasonable extent and our merchants, being men of enterprise and public spirit, expect to do their part in these directions, and do, to their part and perhaps more. This being the case, the people of the town should be loyal to them and patronize them whenever possible, instead of peddlers and traveling shysters on the one hand and merchants of other towns on the other.

In the first case they are reasonably sure to be cheated and in the other almost invariably pay more than they can obtain the same goods for of home merchants.

A case in point: A well known citizen inquired the price of a certain style of china cups and saucers, noticed in a store in his own town. The price was named by the proprietor, whereupon the citizen said that he and his wife being in the city took a fancy to them and bought a set of that style, precisely, payer, and perhaps more. This being the case, the people of the town should be loyal to them and patronize them whenever possible, instead of peddlers and traveling shysters on the one hand and merchants of other towns on the other.

The habit or passion for purchasing goods out of town, except in rarely exceptional cases, is all wrong and a gross injustice to the men, who pay taxes to support schools, build schoolhouses, sidewalks, bridges, sewers, etc., who help support churches, societies and contribute in innumerable ways to the welfare of the town and the good of the people. Be true to your town, to its institutions, its societies and to the men transacting its business. This is business gospel that thoughtful people will concede to be true and people loyal to their town will practice.—[Exchange.]

HARBOR.

Lida Johnson is home from school on two weeks' vacation.

Dr. Atkinson and wife attended church here, Sunday.

Frank Mason and wife of North Conway were in town, Sunday.

Chas. Buzzell and Walter Benson have been cutting wood for M. M. Smart.

Mrs. Sarah Butters of Bridgton is visiting at her brother's, Lewis Howe's.

Little Leona Mason has been making her grandma and aunt quite a long visit.

Fred Usher from Portland was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. Bradley, over Sunday.

James Gile is boarding at Will Thompson's and has been quite sick, but is now some better.

Ed Pray and Walter Benson have bought their slab wood for sugaring at the mill at Foxboro.

Mrs. Benson visited her sister, Mrs. Barker, at Lovell, who has been sick for some time, the past week.

Frank Hall has sold one hundred cords of wood. Part is for the cornshop. He expects to cut and deliver it, this winter.

Austin Bemis is doing quite a lot of butchering, this winter. This week, he carries a quarter of beef and a hog to the Frenchmen camping above Harrison's mill in Champlain.

Rev. Mr. Bragg came home, Friday, after nearly two weeks' absence. Preparations for a Christmas tree are going on, and we are in hopes to get snow enough for sleighing by then.

Aunt Margaret Thompson died at the home of Will Thompson, the past week. She was an old lady loved and respected by old and young. The funeral was at the house of Mr. Thompson, Thursday afternoon. Rev. Mr. Young officiated.

Attention Tax-Payers of Norway, Me. You are hereby notified that all taxes remaining unpaid after Jan. 1, 1898, draw interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum. This is by vote of town and interest will be collected. GEO. A. COLE, Collector.

A Change in Method.

For the past five years I have run my business on the credit system, giving to all who asked, if the chances of getting my pay were even, I am convinced that there is no money in this for me, and shall in the future decline all credit business. I can sell cheaper, buy cheaper, and have more friends, for cash; so can everybody.

Norway, Dec. 24th, 1897. WM. C. LEAVITT.

Good leather and good workmanship make the good harness or saddle. Do you know either when you see it? Very likely not, and you don't need it if you buy of us. While all our goods are the best for the money, some things are better than others. We'll explain to you just why, and help you to a wise selection. Whether cheap or costly, you'll know just what you have, and that you have a full dollar's worth for every dollar you pay us.

Blanket time is here; don't forget your horse's comfort.

CYRUS S. TUCKER, NORWAY, MAINE.

Invites you to call and examine his stock of goods.

The Jeweler, I do repair work of all kinds.

Norway, Maine. at reasonable prices.

While we have sold thousands of Handkerchiefs the line is not broken.

Prices, 2c., 3c., 4c., 5c., 8c., 10c., 12 1-2c., 15c., 18c., 20c., 25c., 29c., 30c., 35c., 50c. and up.

Muffs for Ladies, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Pretty white sets for Children, \$1.50.

Thomas Smiley, NORWAY, MAINE.

Invites you to call and examine his stock of goods.

The Jeweler, I do repair work of all kinds.

Norway, Maine. at reasonable prices.

What makes a more acceptable gift than a pair of gloves or a necktie? We have dozens of 50c. ties that we will sell until New Year's for 30c. each. The 25c. ties for 15c.

All our \$1 unlined kid gloves for 75c. All our \$1.25 unlined kid gloves for \$1. Reindeer gloves, warm and good looking, for \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Initial handkerchiefs 13c., 15c. and 25c. Fancy armbands from 10c. to \$1.25. Holiday suspenders from 25